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8 Ca

John Jones (1788-1858) was born

in the North for a
while a soldier Jones lived his
life at poverty, and in his old
age he addressed his patrons in
panegyrics which he often sold
as householders

POEMS,

BY

JOHN JONES,

AT ONE TIME IN THE ROYAL NAVY, AND SINCE A
COTTON CARDER IN MANCHESTER AND ITS
NEIGHBOURHOOD.



Manchester :

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TO

WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, C.E., F.R.S.,

&c. &c.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF
NUMEROUS ACTS OF KINDNESS AND GREAT GENEROSITY
DURING A LONG COURSE OF YEARS,

These Poems

ARE,

BY HIS PERMISSION,

VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

853876



P R E F A C E .

JOHN JONES, the writer of these poems, was born in 1788, in the village of Llanasa, in North Wales. His parents cultivated a small farm. When eight years of age, he was sent to work in a cotton mill, at Holywell, and had to encounter the many hardships to which, in those days, the factory children were exposed; nevertheless, he vigorously met the difficulties in his path, and learned, during his stay there, both reading and writing. At the completion of his seven years' apprenticeship, he went to sea on board the *Anne*, of Liverpool, bound for Guinea, and in the following year, 1805, he embarked on board H. M. frigate *Barbadoes*; this vessel was on a cruise to the West Indies, and was the means of giving the intelligence to Nelson that the combined fleet had sailed for Europe, took the French frigate *Napoleon*, and other prizes, and then returned to England.

The Author was then drafted with the rest of the crew, on board the *Saturn*, 74-gun frigate, commanded by Lord Beaulere. This vessel was ordered to join Admiral Collingwood, off Cadiz. She remained on that station two or three years, and then returned. Afterwards she cruised off L'Orient, the Western Isles, the Baltic, and Gulph of Finland. In 1812, the *Saturn's* crew were drafted on board the *Royal George*, 110-guns, ordered to cruise in the Mediterranean under Lord Exmouth and Sir Sidney Smith. While blockading Toulon, the French fleet twice came out to oppose them, but being protected by the batteries on the shore the English did not dare to join battle.

While on board the *Royal George*, the author employed his spare time in the cultivation of his mind. For this he had many opportunities, as among so large a number of seamen several languages were spoken, and books of all kinds to be found.

At the conclusion of the general peace, the author, among many other seamen, was paid off. He soon after obtained employment in a factory at Holywell. In 1820, he removed to Stalybridge, where most of his poems were composed.

THE following poems, from the pen of a working man, are not without merit, though probably more marked by vivid descriptions than by those lofty flights of imagination which distinguish the poet from ordinary writers. To such a high standard of excellence our author has no pretensions, but if the reader be not critically severe he will come to the perusal with a feeling of gratitude for a plain description of ordinary matters, clothed in verse, by a common man, who feels what he writes, and describes with simplicity such matters as he understands. In his poems of the "Cotton Mill," the "Sovereign," and "Conway," &c., will be found some passages that would not disgrace the pens of more distinguished poets, but remembering the position of the author, his want of education, and the many difficulties he has always had to encounter throughout a varied and eventful life, the wonder is, that he should have done so much, and that so well.

Altogether the perusal may afford gratification, especially when the volume is viewed as an evidence of its author's diligence and perseverance in the pursuit of whatever information lay within the reach of his abilities, and the limited means at his disposal.

In recommending the work to public patronage, we sincerely hope that the publication may ameliorate the anxieties connected with a humble position in life, and spread a bright ray of comfort over the declining years of its now aged author.

Manchester, June, 1856.

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THE COTTON MILL.

THE COTTON MILL.

————— I pursue
Things unattempted yet, in prose or verse.
Milton.

THE MILL I sing, a theme unsung before,
And growth of Cotton on Columbia's shore :
The various branches of this useful trade
Demand, O Muses ! your unbounded aid.
A splendid structure, wondrous to behold,
Where crowds, unconscious of the piercing cold,
Court fair Industry, and their toil pursue,
Such toil as sons of China never knew,
Who, tho' they boast of their superior skill,
Might reap instruction from a British Mill !
Here belts and rollers, spindles, shafts and gear,
And strange machinery to the sight appear ;
Wheel within wheel in curious order rise,
Of various metal, and of various size ;
Bands cross'd and open, numerous here abound,
While pleasing discords in the ear resound,
Like the low murmurs, when the rising breeze
Disturbs the surface of the ample seas.

First to fair India I confine my lay,
And draw my readers o'er the watery way,
Where sable thousands, undisturb'd, are seen,
'Mid shades and valleys of eternal green ;
Here trees are laden with their costly freight
Of fleecy Cotton, of unfading white,
That like fair roses through the groves expand.
And nod inviting the collector's hand.

Now the rich planter sends his vassal train,
From their low dwellings, o'er the sultry plain :
Pour to the woods an undistinguished throng ;
The vales resounding with their artless song.
Their task commencing, now the boughs they seize,
And of their downy honours spoil the trees.
The trees are low and of complexion dark,
Of close connection and of sable bark ;
In vain their likeness, thro' our groves, we search ;
They bear some faint resemblance to the birch ;
Yet ever yielding their prolific load,
To grace e'en grandeur in its proud abode.
Thus trees and worms produce the garments fair,
Which crowds of beauties in all countries wear.
Tho' men are helpless and with learning blind,
Yet God is bounteous and for ever kind.

When day declines the Negroes quit their toils,
And bear in baskets home their snowy spoils,
Dispose them safely in their Master's store,
Where others pack them for Britannia's shore ;
Then down they seat them o'er their corn or rice,
And careless of their bondage close their eyes.
Thrice happy Britain ! tho' thy ills are great,
And crowds have reason to lament their fate,
Yet are thy children by their birth-right free,
Nor bow their necks to ruthless tyranny.

Now England pours her vessels o'er the main,
And soon their destin'd torrid clime they gain ;
Arriv'd, they moor their num'rous ships, and then
The boats are landed with their ablest men ;
Who quick refresh them with their favorite juice,
Such as the Indian costy canes produce : —
Thus they, oblivious of their cares awhile,
Bask in the sunshine, and their woes beguile.

At length the Cotton, by their strength convey'd,
Is in the bottom of their launches laid,
Then off they hasten with their precious hoard,
And this repeat until the whole's on board;
And then in order to complete their freight,
Add rum and sugar to their cargo's weight,
Then weigh—and favour'd by a prosperous gale,
Again for Albion's distant ports they sail.
A scene more pleasing can no eye behold,
Than when the ships their num'rous wings unfold!
Like swans that proudly on the waters ride,
This British convoy cleaves the yielding tide;
Quits scorching regions for a clime more cool,
And safe returns at length to Liverpool.
When Home the breezes waft this wealthy fleet,
Assembling thousands its arrival greet;
The bells resound, the joyful merchant sees
Kind Heaven befriend him, and his wealth increase;
The spacious docks whose pond'rous gates expand,
Receive the vessels at their Chief's command;
Nor long on board the precious charge remains,
But soon the warehouse either freight contains.

Now see the Cotton from the town convey'd
To Manchester, that glorious mart of trade.
Hail splendid scene! the Nurse of every art,
That glads the widow's and the orphan's heart!
Thy Mills, like gorgeous palaces, arise,
And lift their useful fabrics to the skies!
See Kennedy's stupendous structure join'd
To thine, M'Connell—friends of human kind!
Whose ready doors for ever wide expand,
To give employment to a numerous band.
Murray's behold! that well deserves a name,—
And Lee's and Houldsworth's our attention claim,—

And numerous others, scattered up and down,
The sole supporters of this ample town.

Thus far the Muse, in inharmonious rhyme,
Has brought the Cotton from its native clime ;
And thus far briefly every act display'd ;
Now be th' interior of a Mill survey'd.
But ere I speak of the laborious tribe,
I'd first the Engine, and its use describe :
Surprising pow'r ! Invention can't do more !
The utmost efforts of mechanic lore
Are here display'd !—See how the pond'rous beam
Performs its office by the force of steam !
The force of steam, to former years unknown,
Has Heaven at length to fair Britannia shown.
Here shining pumps for various uses stand,
That work incessant and without a hand ;
One lifts the limpid current from the pool,
And one the boiling tribute form'd to cool ;
Through pipes, another bids the water rise,
And either boiler with a stream supplies ;
The valves, alternate, as they ope and close,
Emit the powerful steam, or check its force.
A rod of iron from the beam extends,
On which the movement of the whole depends ;
This rod, connected with a crank below,
Turns round the fly-wheel, and the others go.
But all the secrets of this wondrous thing,
Would puzzle Homer or a Pope to sing :—
A first-rate engine in its strength exceeds
The power of eighty to two hundred steeds !
But here we leave it, and the room survey,
Where hands the Cotton for the Faactory weigh.
This task with caution they perform, and blend
What sorts the masters for the yarn intend ;

This done, the Blowers first their task perform,
And roar tremendous, like the madd'ning storm :
So have I heard the Northern tempest loud,
On ocean bellow thro' each mast and shroud.
Now flies the Cotton like a shower of snow,
While the motes rattle through the grates below :
Thus the keen hail, descending from the skies,
Against the slates oblique or windows flies.
With wings of iron, rapid, though unseen,
The Cotton's winnow'd by this strange machine ;
And as the swift revolving axle warms,
Quick as the dauntless vet'ran flies to arms,
The tenter grasps the shining can amain,
And cools with oil the glowing shaft again :
Which did he not, a conflagration, dread,
Would soon o'er all the lofty structure spread.

Now borne from hence, the fleecy burden's laid
On corded frames, where female strength display'd,
Beats out the refuse.—Ah ! what dreadful blows !
Ye Dames, 'twere fatal to become your foes !
Beware, O Husbands ! and these wives revere,
Since they thus active with their rods appear !—
The Cotton spread upon the ample board,
And now like misers o'er their precious hoard,
The pickers bend—and in their cans they lay
The motes extracted, which at night they weigh.
When pick'd sufficient by the industrious band,
The polish'd scales the snowy charge demand.
Next to the breakers, by the feeders borne,
The portion weigh'd, the tardy clothes adorn ;
Round move the cylinders with rapid speed,
And take the Cotton as the Maidens feed ;
To pieces tear it with ten thousand teeth,
While the fly settles in the case beneath.

Now, soft and clean, from either doffer comes
The downy tribute, and enfolds the drums ;
The drums slow moving with their burdens swell,
Till warn'd to break them by a mark or bell.
When broke, with caution,—which throughout prevails,—
The laps are handed to the distant scales ;
From thence to finishers, a finer row,
That still more labour on the whole bestow ;
Being thus re-carded, and what dirt remain'd
Now falls below, or by the flats retain'd ;
Comb'd from the fillets tapering by degrees,
Through brazen funnels, move with seeming ease
The ends, and then, thro' various rollers pass,
By slender straps impell'd and wheels of brass,
Coil into boxes, in bright order ranged ;
These filled, are ever by the tenters changed ;—
Tho' chang'd, their labour claims attention still.
And now the Maidens, as their vessels fill,
To drawing frames the lengthening ends they bear,
To undergo an operation there.
Ends still they join, when former ends are done,
Four, oft, the roller claims, and yields but one.

The next division of these frames receives
The laden boxes, as the first they leave.
Nor done the ends, when thro' this engine past,
But still are destin'd for the third and last.
The scene now changes—a more curious frame,*
That crowns its maker with immortal fame,
Demands our notice, here the ends reduced
Fill up the bobbins, by the stretchers used ;
By means of weights and wheels, resembling hearts,
The lifter, strong, its useful aid imparts,
This rises by degrees, and then descends,
And in its tardy movement guides the ends ;

* The Bobbin Frame.

The two-fold ends a strange reduction find,
Here pass thro' flies, and round the bobbins wind;
Whilst thus they turn, they slowly fall and rise,
And swell progressive to a larger size;
When full, the Nymphs with nimble hands remove,
And turn and place them on the flats above.
And now the second frame, with treble creels,—
With far more spindles, but the same in wheels,—
Receives the bobbins, and the ends refin'd,
Then to the stretchers is their charge consign'd.

We'll next survey the spacious room around,
And show our readers how the cards are ground;
The lap remov'd, they run the engine bare,
Then from the pulley slip the belt with care.
The belt unbuckled on the floor they lay,
Then from the crescent height, the flats convey;
This done, the grinder strips the sheets with haste.
(The gear being previous and the wheels displac'd,)
He cards the fillet, and with dext'rous hand
Claps on the pulleys a well tighten'd band;
The belt he crosses next without delay,
Which turns the engine round the other way;
Thus far proceeded with his brush he leans,
And thus the cylinder and doffer cleans;
We next behold him o'er the engine bend
And guide the emery, slow, from end to end;
The teeth being sharpen'd he proceeds no more,
But rigs the engine as it stood before.

Now view the stripper (nought his speed retards)
Extract the Cotton from the upper cards;
Uncheck'd he toils, as if he toil'd in vain,
Soon as the sheets are stripp'd, they fill again:—

Thus when some idiot on a winter's day,
Attempts to sweep the falling snow away,
The show'r incessant from on high descends,
And thus his fruitless labour never ends.
Some hands still busy through the room are seen,
Who toil to keep the wheel'd machinery clean;
Oiling or sweeping, as the ease demands,
Or nimbly piecing belts or broken bands.
O'er all, the ruler glances with his eye,
And views their quick manœuvres, far and nigh,
And if the watchful tenters* read or sew,
He frowns—and soon with crimson blushes glow
The Maidens' cheeks—and trembling by their side
The thing forbidden, unperceived they hide.
So have I seen the playful youth at school
(Though quite contrary to the stated rule)
Perform some sly achievement, till the voice
Of their stern master soon their scheme destroys.

We'll now the cards and all their gear forego,
And next the stretchers and their business show;
These form the rovings for the spinner's creels,
And tug, unwearied, at their rapid wheels;
Their frames like jennies, tho' with quicker speed,
Do what's demanded, and require less heed.
And since their structure much resemblance bears
To mules, 'twere better to describe them there:
The rovings doff'd, from shining spindles they
In square tin boxes from the room convey;
A small apartment then receives the freight,
There weigh'd—some heavier prove, and others light;
Then are they sorted out, and nimbly thrown
To various spaces by their numbers known.

* The Young Women who attend the drawing frames.

Now to the spinners, see the rovings borne,
There fix'd on high, the three-fold creels adorn;
Stript to their shirts this tribe industrious see,
Twisting the produce of a foreign tree.
But ah! how different is their spinning now,
To that ere laurels grac'd an Arkwright's brow;
Few were the spindles then on either frame,
Yet great the profit rising from the same.
Rude and unpolish'd, in oblivion lay
Too long, the secrets of the present day;
Till Genius dragg'd them, by degrees, to light,
And gave at length what's offered to our sight.
The carriage, now behold, with stately grace
March from the fixtures, and recoil apace,
Th' advancing spindles to the sight confest,
Appear like vet'rans when they move abreast;
Or like the billows when the breezes blow
From land, retreating now, and now they flow.
One hand the spinner to the wheel extends,
And with the other gently guides the ends;
Then with his eye, he levels as they run,
Just like a seaman when he points a gun;
The Twist extending from the rollers winds
Round numerous spindles, finish'd and refin'd;
While broken ends the piecers nimbly join,
Who seldom long their humble post resign.
Here wheels, unnumber'd, in each other lock,
With skill superior to a watch or clock;
With pulleys, bands, and many a curious thing,
Of which no poet may presume to sing.
Though hard this business to the sight appear,
Use makes it easy as they persevere;
For oft the spinners chaunt some amorous strain,
The "Maid of Waterloo," or "Ridge-hill Lane."*

* Two Songs written by a Spinner.

The shapely cops, with tapered ends at last,
(The usual time in their formation past),
Are doff'd with care and in a basket laid,
Then to the warehouse scales at once convey'd ;
A man appointed for the office, then
Impartial acts for master and for men,
Inserts the weight, by which they're found to know
What sets are spun, and what the sum they owe.
The reelers next the snowy cops receive,
While some are sent, without their aid, to weave ;
But what to weavers' nicer arts belong,
Comes not within the province of my song ;
Enough that beauty in its vernal bloom,
Befriends the labour of the British loom :
In summer months the smiling Maidens go,
Adorn'd like lilies or the virgin snow ;
Or like fair Angels from the plains of light,
With flowing garments of unspotted white,
Yet form'd of Cotton, waving in the breeze,
While loads are wafted o'er the ample seas,
Seek fair Columbia, or West India's shore,
And decks the planter, then, that sent it o'er.
Thus, unambitious, has the Muse essay'd
To show this useful manufacturing trade,
Where willing thousands, born to no estate,
Escape the rigour of a harder fate ;
The destiny is mine, to roam without a friend,
And who can tell me where my woes will end ?
Enough on ocean, and the land I've borne,
By cares molested, and by hardships worn.
Here then I rest—I ask but moderate praise,—
Content, if candour shall approve my lays.

THE SOVEREIGN.

“Happy the man
Whom his Sovereign favours.”

Pope.



TO

ARCHIBALD BUCHANNAN, ESQ.,

CATRINE, AYRSKIRE.*

DEAR SIR,

A Cambrian muse, wild as her bleak mountains, yet warm with gratitude, passes over the fertile plains of England to greet an encourager of the arts and sciences among the hills of Caledonia; and to whom should she dedicate her lays but to one whose generosity has been the means of giving birth to them?

But, Sir, to be more plain; I could wish to be thus understood:—in the summer of 1821, I published a poem entitled “The Cotton Mill,” which was immediately noticed and patronised by the gentleman to whom it was dedicated, and, on his going into the north, he placed a copy of it in your hand, and the pleasure it gave you in the perusal induced you to make me a present of a sovereign, which is the subject of the following poem. I, being at that period out of employment, found your gift a very acceptable one, and it had the effect upon my mind which I have endeavoured to describe. How far you may be pleased with this attempt I cannot say, but I hope, while the “bonnie banks of Ayr” still resound with the melody of Burns, that I may presume for a few moments to draw your attention from those enchanting strains to the humble effusions of a Welsh bard.

That you may long remain on this earth to alleviate human woes and to encourage indigent merit,

Is the sincere wish,

Dear Sir,

Of your most grateful and humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

* The above is the original dedication, which the author thought proper to preserve, in order that the reader might see the incident that brought the following poem into existence.

THE SOVEREIGN.

“——Happy the man
Whom his Sovereign favours.”

Pope.

WHEN want triumphant through Britannia reign'd,
And hapless thousands of their fate complain'd;
When months of fasting—a destructive lent,
My cheeks were withered and my body bent,
I roam'd, dejected, through the fields, to pour
My grief, lamenting that my natal hour
Had not been govern'd by a milder star,
And sore regretting that the hand of war
Spar'd me to suffer on that once-loved shore,
I'd help'd to guard, upon the sea, before.
Though feather'd songsters sung, in ev'ry shade,
I still, regardless of their anthems, stray'd,
For nought could rouse my intellectual fire;
And, as my silent and neglected lyre
Had long been sever'd from its parent tree,
So want divided every joy from me.
At length a friend, to generous acts inclin'd,
Advanced; he knew me and my state of mind,
And prompt to rid me of my dire disease,
His hand extended with a golden piece.
He who late govern'd on the British throne,
And England's champion, on the metal shone;

The dragon, smarting by the latter's spear,
Might serve as emblem of my doom severe ;
How much I suffer'd by the shafts of fate
In future couplets shall the muse relate.

Now to our theme—my benefactor gave
What then I needed but disdain'd to crave ;
Scarce had the present trembled in my hand,
When lo ! its virtue, like a magic wand,
Chang'd every prospect in a moment's time,
And show'd fair nature in her vernal prime ;
The skies no longer are array'd in gloom,
E'en Phœbus brightens and the meadows bloom ;
Now, larks melodious with delight I hear,
And distant bells resounding sweet and clear.
O wond'rous sovereign ! thy miraculous power
Illumes the aspect of the present hour ;
Not Sol, when rising, to a restless swain,
Nor stars, to sailors on the gloomy main,
Were half so welcome as thy sight to me ;
What have I suffer'd for the want of thee ?

For want of thee my shoes have wanted soles ;
For want of thee my clothes are worn in holes ;
For want of thee, when wintry terrors spread,
I've wanted shelter for my aching head ;
For want of thee I've roam'd the country through,
And more of sorrow than contentment knew ;
For want of thee pretended friends have thrown
The mask aside, and what they were have shown ;
For want of thee from festive scenes I've turn'd,
And, while their inmates have exulted, mourn'd ;
For want of thee my jokes have given offence ;
For want of thee I've wanted common sense ;
For want of thee in social crowds I've stood,
Mute as a statue or a post of wood ;

When others spoke, or sung with rising glee,
I've wanted utterance for the want of thee.

Then, happy he, while healthful hours attend,
Who claims a sovereign as a constant friend :
For him the fruits, the earliest of the year,
And all things ready at his hands appear ;
For him the beasts of various kinds are slain,
And luxuries wasted o'er the ample main ;
For him are clusters pluck'd from foreign vines,
And old Madeira in the goblet shines ;
For him are caught, as various streams we search,
The carp, the trout, the salmon, and the perch ;
For him, o'er plains, the yelping hounds repair,
And doom to death the trembling stag or hare ;
For him assemblies, plays, and balls are made ;
For him the minstrel's tuneful pipes are play'd ;
For him the chariot waits, with blazon'd arms,
While nymphs salute him and unveil their charms ;
For him all authors, ancient and the new,
Are ranged in shops, exposed to public view ;
For him, in short, all nature yields her store,
While crowds admire and flatter and adore.
Hear this, ye shades of Byron and of Scott,
For, when existing on this earthly spot,
'Twas yours, with sovereigns and with learned ease,
To please the public, and yourselves to please ;
But my attempts misguided pride withstands,
Because I'm doomed to labour with my hands.
Be guiltless, learning, of an act so mean,
'Tis thine to know what British bards have been :
Ben Jonson, bricks, in early life had laid,
And lines thereon, of pliant hemp, display'd ;
Till lines, at last, of intellectual kind,
Advanc'd his fame congenial to his mind.

At baskets, Miller long his skill had shown :
 And Prince made reeds before he tun'd his own.
 Arion* plough'd the ocean, here and there ;
 And Burns has plough'd the stubborn fields of Ayr.
 Shakspeare himself, I've seen the account in full,
 For years had labour'd at his trade in wool,
 Till Deer expelled him from his native place,
 And made him dear to all the human race.

Then, how should I, the meanest of the train
 Who e'er attempted the harmonious strain,
 Escape, O poverty, from thy embrace,
 And burst on Albion, like a comet's blaze ?
 But why of comets should I deign to sing,
 Or golden planets moving in a ring,
 Since golden sovereigns, which I seldom scan,
 Are far more useful to a hungry man ?

O hunger!—wolf insatiate ! men may dare
 To face the lion, tiger, and the bear,
 With conquering steel or unresisted lead ;
 But thou art vanquished best with daily bread,
 Though rulers try, when craving hunger calls,
 To satisfy the poor with leaden balls,
 A dire mistake. To give the crowd relief,
 Substantial dumplings, filled with wholesome beef,
 'Twere best amongst the hungry to discharge,
 And, now and then, a pudding, round and large.
 I view'd a scene, one coronation day,†
 That far surpass'd fierce battle's dread array ;
 Square lumps of bread in all directions flew,
 And showers of beef assail'd the starving crew ;
 While floods of ale were pour'd on every side,
 And fleets of vessels caught th' inspiring tide.

* Falconer.

† The coronation of George IV.

To me this sight how glorious and how dear,
For hunger only was defeated there!
No victims fell upon the crowded plain,
Save drink! thy votaries, who reviv'd again;
But those who fall in battle rise no more,
To bleed or triumph on a field of gore.

O thou whose picture glitters on this coin,
Twelve years I serv'd thee on a world of brine;
Now, unrequited, friendless, poor, I roam,
Snatch'd from the ocean's rage to starve at home!
Such is the fate of Britain's guardian tars,
Who fought like heroes in tumultuous wars;
At Nelson's side their threaten'd isle they freed,
Content with him to triumph or to bleed.
Behold them now, in foreign lands complain,
Of wrongs that drove them o'er the Atlantic main;
By strangers, there, pale thousands are supplied
With what their own ungrateful land denied.
E'en Neptune raged to see his sons abused,
And, as he smote Britannia's shore, accused
Her legislators, who disdain'd to save
From want and ruin the deserving brave.
Ill-fated tars! yourselves or children yet
May Britain want, but must to want submit;
Dupes of neglect! their arms required again,
May hear their country call, but call in vain.

Alas! that others, whom the fates degrade,
Should quit old England through the want of trade!
From their paternal monarchy they fly,
A commonwealth beyond the sea to try.
But stop; I wander from discretion's bound,
For where on earth can commonwealths be found?
To nobler systems now each land aspires,
And you, ye sovereigns, all the world admires!

Have not e'en natives of the United States,
When they with England ended their debates,
Declared they would no more a sovereign own,
But spurn all things connected with a throne?
Base rogues, how soon they broke their former vow,
For all revere a British sovereign, now.
Then, who those states can true republic call,
Since sovereigns daily are rever'd by all?
But thou from me, refulgent orb! must go,
Thy stay's much shorter than the April snow.
When some frail beauty turns, with scornful air,
Man may obtain another nymph as fair;
But where shall I a substitute receive
For you, my glitterer, when my grasp you leave?
Through hands of num'rous tribes thou'rt doom'd to run,
As through the various signs proceeds the sun;
Thy worth the vilest of their kind below,
Thieves, cheats, and murd'ers, in their turn may know;
Then, haply, wheeling from the robbers' den,
To virgins, harlots, knaves, and honest men!
Yea, fops and spendthrifts shalt thou find, and wait
On monarchs, priests, and the deserving great;
Such thy excursions, if no hands by force
Detain thee captive, and retard thy course,
For this sometimes the sons of avarice do;
Perhaps some villain of that sordid crew
May fix thy portion with thy bright compeers,
And idolize thee for a length of years;
In thought, I view this miserable man
Start from his nightly slumbers, pale and wan;
Rous'd by his fearful dreams, he quits his bed,
And, by the phantom of suspicion led,
Tries all his bolts—yet scarce believes them fast,
And thinks he hears a voice in every blast!
Again he listens, and again he creeps
Round every nook, and through his window peeps,

Inspects his coffers, lest from their abodes
Some one should drag his soul-delighting gods.
Ah! wretched mortals who are thus inclined,
To every pleasure of existence blind!
Ere such assume a glorious seat on high
Shall camels enter through a needle's eye.
Yet men there are, and some of whom I know,
Like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
Who keep the freedom of their mind unsold,
Nor with an impious reverence bow to gold.

O gold! thou source of evil and of good,
Of peace substantial, and of seas of blood;
Thou that canst bright or gloomy days bestow,
A heaven of pleasure, or a hell of woe!
For thee th' assassin points the murd'rous blade,
For thee stern legions peaceful realms invade,
For thee Iberian hosts o'er ocean flew,
And stained with gore the plains of wild Peru.
For thee bold sailors brave the dang'rous main,
And nymphs for thee their heavenly virtue stain.
For thee base rogues against their conscience plead,
And judges wink at many a horrid deed;
For thee are votes at proud elections sold,
And senators betray their trust for gold.
Gold gilds the pinions of a wealthy muse,
And makes her soar uncensured by reviews;
Oft, when her sword presiding justice draws,
And fortune smiles upon a poor man's cause,
Gold, then advancing, turns the willing scales,
And hardened guilt o'er innocence prevails.

When the brave Poles disdain'd the yoke of kings,
And would have clipp'd the northern eagle's wings,

A shower of British gold flew o'er the sea,
And stripp'd the buds from Polish freedom's tree ;
Then strengthen'd Russian arms to cut it down,
And chain it fast beneath the imperial crown.
But, used aright, refulgent gold imparts
Delights unnumbered to surrounding hearts.
It wipes the tears from sad affliction's eyes,
And bids each science from oblivion rise ;
Fair architecture strides at its command,
And the free sails of commerce wide expand.
It lifts bright genius from the shades of night,
And fills the aged widow with delight ;
Behold asylums through Britannia's isle,
Where thousands rescued from destruction smile ;
See where the sick are cured, the wounded healed,
The arts taught gratis, and the truth reveal'd ;
Blest institutions ! but I grieve to find
No friendly refuge for the tuneful kind ;
These roam neglected, and are doom'd to starve !
Do they, in truth, no brighter meed deserve ?

From this digression, which may seem too long,
Return, my fancy, and resume thy song.

+ Hail ! joy restorer ! hail ! Peruvian ore !

By thee befriended, I lament no more
The loss of proud companions, turn'd from me
Because unhappy that I knew not thee ;
For not to know thee, in these wondrous times,
Is, sure, the greatest of all mortal crimes ;
Should brighter days my sovereigns multiply,
Thick as the spangles of the nightly sky,
What friends I'd meet in every quarter then ;
E'en those who shun me like a lion's den,
Would be the foremost, in my prosp'rous hours,
+ To seek my bounty and extol my powers !

But, ah! such knaves I'd banish from my door,
In language like to that of sacred lore :
"Hence! from my presence, vile dissembling crew,
My heart abhors you and your friendship too ;
For I was hungry, and ye fed me not ;
Bare, and no raiment from your hand I got ;
Sick, and ye came not to impart relief ;
Forlorn I wandered, and ye mock'd my grief ;
Bereft of lodgings ye beheld me go ;
Without employment, and ye left me so."
But, to the few who fain had succour lent,
Yet wanted means to back a good intent,
My gates should open, and my purse as well,
With every comfort of my house and cell ;
Thus blest and cherish'd, should they leave behind
Cares like the present, which I'm doom'd to find !
To some this world seems but a vale of sighs,
I term it different, 'tis a globe of ice :
On it I ne'er a solid footing found,
But urged by want, I slip its surface round.
Should fortune's sun once dart a fervent ray,
And melt the frost of poverty away,
Then might I settle, and my shatter'd bark,
Rest on its native mountains, like the ark.

Ye loaves and cheeses, steaks and mutton chops,
And all ye viands that adorn the shops !
On you, erewhile, I durst not cast an eye,
But like a phantom, silent pass'd you by ;
I now have means to face you if I choose,
And spoil the figure of a roasted goose ;
But, ah! a sovereign would not last me long
Were I to mix with the luxurious throng,
For costly meals were not decreed for me ;
Content I live on porridge, milk, and tea.

So fare the rhyming portion of mankind,
And as the whale and grampus were designed
To feed by suction, so should bards be found,
Since ne'er their boards with solid food are crown'd.

Now through Mancunium's* splendid streets I go,
Where strong temptations all around me grow;
But I must steer a middle course, and shun
Those dang'rous snares, that thousands have undone.
As when Ulysses from his ship descried
Charybdis yawn, and Scylla frowning wide,
While the false syren's voice assail'd his ear,
Affecting bliss when ruin's self was near;
Not less alluring are the scenes I pass,
Here other syrens smile, with face of brass,
Nymphs who, perchance, have known all virtue's rounds,
Till something drew them from Diana's bounds.
When on loose life a woman bends her aim,
How soon she finds pretences for her shame;
No home can charm, she's restless to depart,
And fixes all the atheist in her heart,
Treads the same path that Grecian Helen trod,
And serves alike her husband and her God!

See gorgeous signs on either side display'd,
And crowded shops in all their pomp array'd,
Rich wines and spirits in yon vault are found,
That soon would lessen my refulgent pound.
Of all the burning liquors held in store,
The worst is that conveyed from Gallia's shore:
On which my mind soliloquizes thus,
We vanquished France and then she conquers us.
With guns, in war, we triumph on the seas,
And she, with brandy, in the time of peace!

* Manchester.

Her liquid flame has slain of Britons more
Than we of Frenchmen have destroyed before !
Thus, these achieve a full revenge on those
Whom they in vain with shining arms oppose.

Now, unperceiv'd, a length of ground I've past,
And at my lodging I arrive, at last,
Where wonted treatment I expect to find,
And soon must change my sovereign or my mind.
The house I enter, humbly sit me down,
While the stern matron, with her usual frown,
Of me, and fate, and poverty complains,
She seldom spoke but in lamenting strains :
" Hard is my case," she cried, " thus doom'd to feel,"
Then from her pocket drew a case of steel,
Whose bounds contain'd her artificial eyes,
Which she, expanding, to her own applies ;
Thus double-sighted, and with angry look
She from the place of their concealment took
Small, lettered squares of paper ; these she spread,
And thus, with rising indignation, said :
" Behold how just my present cause to moan,
When goods I fasten for a certain loan.
To pay my road, and keep this house complete,
I've pawn'd two gowns, a blanket, and a sheet ;
And how dare you," she cried, in tone severe.
" Night after night within these walls appear ?
Three weeks have pass'd, and still no reck'ning made,
What though your master has declin'd in trade,
And you've obtained no other place as yet,
Think not I'll suffer an increase of debt !
You want employment, and I want my due,
The landlord threatens, but he chides not you ;
What though you paid when you the means possess'd,
Past sums have not my present claims redress'd.

Enough of penceless lodgers, I declare,
I'll harbour such no longer; there's the door,
Through which depart for Cambrian hills again!
But all your clothes in bondage I detain,
Till you transmit or bring the sum you owe;
This has my mind decreed, so rise and go."
Her tube igniting, next the matron tries,
While clouds of smoke in bluish circles rise,
So fierce she draws, with soul for mischief ripe,
That all Virginia issues from her pipe.

Ye friendless lodgers, whatso'er your aims,
Who bear the frowning of relentless dames,
Burst from those fetters that are round you thrown,
And find some peaceful dwelling of your own;
Whate'er that structure be, it matters not,
A stone erection or a clay-built cot,
There shall you never on its base enroach,
But eyes will brighten at your near approach:
There smiles connubial will augment your bliss,
While children struggle for the envied kiss;
Then, howe'er sumptuous or how coarse your fare,
Your minds are settled and your home is there.

Now to our matron, whom we left in smoke,
With heart relentless as her chair of oak;
Still in her breast determination reigns,
Ah! little thinks she what my purse contains;
What it contains is not the Gorgon's eye,
That turn'd to stone the thoughtless standers-by;
But something potent as the prophet's wand,
That could a stream from hardened rocks command.
Thus my bright sovereign, with a wond'rous art
Has power to melt that stubborn rock—the heart:

And now, behold ! I draw it from my purse,
And see the vapours from her brow disperse !
Its magie virtue yields a quick relief,
As Sol dispels the mists from Teneriffe.
Now calm she turns and lays her vengeance by,
Then clears her forehead like the summer's sky ;
Smiles, and begins to question and inquire,
And bids me closer sit, and rakes the fire ;
Asks how I grew thus wealthy, or from whom
I got this treasure, and exclaims " I've room
For you to lodge beneath this friendly roof,
Therefore repine not at my late reproof ;
For, when I spoke, I never meant that you
Should to this homely mansion bid adieu ;
'Twas all a jest, so think no more of that,
None are more welcome here, hang up your hat ;
Perhaps refreshment you may now require,
I've something strength'ning on my kitchen fire."
This said, she treats me to a bowl of broth,
And claims my sovereign, which to quit I'm loath.

When Agamemnon sent to Pelens' son,
To yield the virgin that his arms had won,*
The latter hero, with repeated sighs,
Seem'd long reluctant to resign his prize,
Yet he resign'd her, though with aching heart ;
Not less unwilling with my gift I part.

The dame now leads me to the cupboard door,
Where, chalk'd within, appears my ample score ;
To this she points, as when an urgent sprite,
Leads forth some mortal in the dead of night,
Then ope's the ground, with hollow sighs and groans,
And points, how awful, at his murdered bones.

* Vide Iliad, Book I.

With equal terror on my score I look,
Yet know no sentence in her wondrous book :
Strokes, crosses, circles, num'rous here I see—
A hand incomprehensible to me.
Like that mysterious writing on the wall ;
And she, like Daniel, soon explained it all.

And now the scales decide my sovereign's fate,
Like thine, Belshazzar, but unlike in weight ;
Mine proved sufficient, as I hoped it might,
But Babylon's worthless sovereign weigh'd too light.

Farewell ! bright gift, I see thee now confined,
Like guilty sovereigns of the human kind ;
The second Edward, second Richard, too,
And Charles the First, and Louis Caput, knew
Captivity ; but living kings, of old,
Clay sovereigns were, while thou art shining gold !
Then rest, defended by the matron's lock,
Safe as Napoleon on his sea-girt rock ;
While he who govern'd* every insult gave
To fallen greatness—to the exiled brave.
Alas ! how oft, in these degen'rate days,
Is merit taunted by the proud and base ;
But stern oppression, hateful to the wise,
Goes hand in hand with trembling cowardice.

Once more adieu ! departed coin, with thee
All earthly comforts have not flown from me ;
Kind fortune still has granted, in thy stead,
Less splendid orbs that on the table spread ;
Thus Sol emerges from the human sight,
And leaves the stars to shine with fainter light.

* Sir Hudson Lowe, Governor of St. Helena.

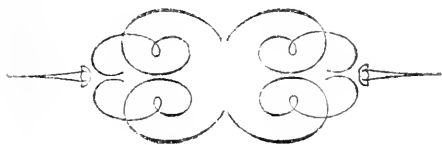
Now from the board I bear my change away,
To make provision for a future day;
Soon shall my shelf display an ample store,
And bid defiance, for a week or more,
To want—that spoiler of our flesh and bone
That sometimes eats its way through walls of stone,
While crowds it kills, or exiles o'er the wave,
And gluts, at once, Van Dieman's and the grave.
Not till this last shall render up the dead,
Will it be known why all-sustaining bread
Had been withheld from virtue here below,
While vice's cup was seen to overflow;
That day of retribution will declare
Why things appear'd unequal and unfair;
Why worth and genius groaned, by want oppress'd,
While jewels sparkled on a worthless breast.

For me, I've wander'd many a tedious round,
Yet cros't on land as on the seas profound;
Fate's maledictions hover on the wing,
Transpierce the soul, while on the ear they ring.
When Israel's bard excursive moved along,
Continual curses, from an impious tongue,*
Were shower'd upon his inoffensive head,
But still the poet unresenting sped;
So, in like manner, through the various zones,
Adversity, vindictive, poured on Jones
The treasured store of her relentless ire,
His frame to torture and to quench his fire,
Which ruthless task she may complete ere long,
And to oblivion plunge him and his song.

Here, then, I harbour from the frowning gale,
And safely anchor my lamenting tale,

* II. Samuel, xvi., 5.

Lest some rich minion of contempt and pride,
Condemn my efforts and my muse deride ;
But if a censor of this kind there be,
Let him change places for awhile with me ;
Without a sovereign let him try the hearts
Of men, and suffer by misfortune's darts.
Methinks such person would lament his fate,
Like thee, sad Wolsey, when no longer great ;
What pangs of grief thy frantic bosom crost,
When thou the favour of thy sovereign lost.



HOME.

“Averse alike, to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.”

Popc.

Not all the notes th’ Æolian harp displays,
Though far the sweetest of terrestrial lays;
Not e’en the music of the heavenly sphere
Could fall more grateful on the list’ning ear—
Than HOME! The sound of that enchanting word
Who hears in exile, and remains unstirr’d?
What Briton, wandering in a foreign part,
His Home contemplates with a joyless heart?
Delightful soother of the human breast,
Man’s earthly comfort and his haven of rest,
Whose bounds, tho’ humble, breathe a powerful charm,
That can the soul of all its grief disarm.

How oft, when station’d in a torrid clime,
I’ve hail’d the arrival of th’ appointed time
When our tight vessel must recross the main,
And plunge her keel in British waves again?
O then what joy would ’fore and aft prevail,
While tars unmoored and loosen’d every sail:—
Home! Home! sweet Home! resounded thro’ the ship,
Glow’d in each heart, and dwelt on every lip:
E’en drooping patients, when the news arriv’d,
Heard the consoling mandate, and revived;
The thoughts of Home dispell’d contagion’s breath,
And from them turn’d the pointed shafts of death!

The lame, repining in restricted bounds,
Rous'd at the tidings, and forgot their wounds,
Limp'd forth, unbidden, to assist the crew,
And up each anchor in a moment flew.
With wings of canvass to the breezes freed,
Scarce less we wish'd for than the light'ning's speed.
Blow, winds, the tars exclaim'd—ye billows foam,
Whilst all, in fancy, seem'd already Home!
Thus soon that power—imagination,—gives
E'en distant exiles to their relatives,
Or snatches Britons in an Indian clime,
And whirls them homewards in a moment's time;
Makes worn-out travellers former tours retrace,
Without one movement from their settled place.

When peace celestial, with her olive wand,
Strikes the red falchion from destruction's hand;
And liberation, with a friendly smile,
Pours forth its inmates from each floating pile:
Then see brave sailors to the shore repair
To reap the blessings that await them there.
On rattling coaches through the land they fly,
To meet the glances of a parent's eye,—
To hail their consorts and their children dear,
And prove the comforts of a homely cheer.

There is a feeling in the human heart
That can but only with our life depart;
And though we wander o'er the realms of earth,
This, still attracts us to our place of birth.
Lamented Howard, and ill-fated Park,
No doubt, experienced what I here remark:
The first pursued a philanthropic plan,
The latter dared a torrid clime to scan.
Each fell abroad an early sacrifice,
But ere eternal darkness seal'd their eyes,

Ah ! who can tell their pangs ! their strong desire
To see their Home once more, and there expire !

Great Byron said, if unrelenting death,
In distant regions, should demand his breath,
Though strangers might all funeral honours pay,
Yet would his soul reanimate his clay ;
Uphave the burden from his coffin lid,
And spring to light, as pious Lazarus did !

Immortal Shakspeare, in his epitaph,
To his own town will'd his material half ;
Warm benedictions he confers on those
Who there allow his reliques to repose ;
But execrations thunder from his lay,
On such as would from thence his dust convey.

Victorious Nelson, when he felt the ball
In secret working his untimely fall,
Bless'd all his warriors, and, expiring, cried—
Bear Home my body o'er the briny tide.
Thus patriot-hearts that hold their country dear,
Revolt, and shudder at a foreign bier.
E'en heaven-lov'd Joseph, with his latest groans,
Gave a strict order to remove his bones,
From that ungodly nation where he died,
And calmly place them by his father's side.

Have we not heard of that distinguish'd band,
When bound from Egypt to the promis'd land ?
Though miracles were in their favour wrought,
Still they return'd from whence they came, in thought :
Nor manna, quails, nor legislators great,
Could reconcile those wand'ers to their fate.
Their recent Homes, though curs'd by Pharoah's rod,
Still drew their hearts from Moses and their God.

In the like manner, readers may discern
Columbus' crew rebelling to return ;
For scarce that chieftain's eloquence so bold,
His glowing prospects of renown and gold,
Could make his sad companions persevere ;
So precious to them was their native sphere !

What made the negro, whom I once survey'd,
When nations sanction'd the inhuman trade,
With panting breast from his pursuers fly,
Like one whom murderers have decreed to die ;
And when arrested by his foes at length,
Dragg'd to the boat by their superior strength,
What made him break from their united hold,—
Plunge in the sea where angry billows roll'd,
Swim to the shore, while boats pursued in vain,
And dart like light'ning to the woods again ?
'Twas love of Home that in his bosom glow'd ;
And all th' endearments of his blest abode,
Bound him as firmly to his native shore,
As bark to trees, or stone to shining ore.

Look in Siberia's mines, where exiles toil,
From freedom far and their paternal soil ;
Ask, if their fond ideas never roam
From those dark regions to their native home ?
Ah ! soon, those noble, but degraded Poles,
Would tell the enquirer that they still have souls ;
And though in the bowels of the earth they groan,
They "have not yet forgot themselves to stone."
O curs'd ambition in a tyrant's breast,
To exile patriots from their native rest.
When God first breathed into the human frame
Part of his own divine, eternal flame,
Did he intend the soul should be debased,
Consigned to gloom, abandon'd and disgraced ?

Robb'd of its lustre by a fellow-worm,
A sceptred fiend, disguised in human form!
Who mars th' Almighty's noblest work on earth,
And flings his iron fetters o'er the north?
And shall the despot, like proud Herod, feel
No angel's arm—no heaven its wrath reveal?

When Israel's childrer had their country lost,
And captive led by Babylonia's host,
Their harps suspended on the willows hung,
Neglected, mournful, silent, and unstrung:
While thoughts of Home, in their remembrance kept,
By Babylon's stream, th' ill-fated strangers wept;
Meanwhile proud victors, a relentless throng,
In scorn demanded a celestial song,
Then rose an Hebrew bard, with woes opprest,
Shook his white locks, and thus his foes address'd:—

How shall we sing, to answer your demand,
Our sacred anthems in a foreign land?
O fair Jerusalem! if my thoughts grow vain,
Till I no memory of thy charms retain,
May my right hand its office know no more,
Nor wake one string of all it swept before;
And may my tongue, not yet controll'd by fear,
To the dry palate of my mouth adhere,
If I, Jerusalem! while our foes annoy,
Prefer not thee to every earthly joy!

Go to the frigid zone, where natives bar
Themselves in shelter all the wintry war;
Tell them the pleasures of a warmer clime,
Where grows the grape, the orange, and the lime.
Urge their removal to that happier land
Where human limbs a lighter robe demand;

Then take this answer to thy warm request,
Ah! no;—the climate of our birth is best.
We're not desirous from these bounds to roam,
This is our country and our native Home.

Behold the soldier, thro' each long campaign,
The various hardships of the war sustain;
For ever harassed, and with toils opprest,
Besieging, marching, and deprived of rest;
Whole nights, unsheltered, on the ground he lies,
And scarce a slumber can invade his eyes
Before he's summoned by the drum's alarms,
To rush, though weary, to the shock of arms.
'Midst all these troubles, what supports his mind,
But that dear cottage which he left behind;
In hopes to view it he disdains to yield
To all the hardships of the battle field!

Yes! Home is precious to each living soul,
From burning Afric', to the frozen pole;
Whate'er the nature of that dwelling be,
A cottage sheltered by a spreading tree,
An Indian cabin, or a hermit's cave,
A garret, such as humble poets have,
A gloomy cellar, or a stately hall,
There's something binding to the heart in all.

Let those decide who leave their Home behind
What fate the rambler is decreed to find;
Of his own whim the author and the slave,
Ship-like impelled, he drives from wave to wave.
For him, no kind connubial smiles appear
His drooping spirits to revive and cheer;
If to an inn his weary course he bends,
He meets with comfort while his purse befriends;

But when exhausted his refulgent ore,
Th' unfeeling landlord spurns him from the door ;
Like Jonah, cast from the sea monster's jaws,
Th' ill-fated stranger from the brute withdraws,
Grieves that he roamed to seek serenest bliss,
But lost by seeking, what before were his,
Still his excursion he pursues, and mourns,
And like the prodigal at last returns.

More blest is he who hears his humble lot,
And scorns to wander from his rural cot :
But woos his prattling young ones, and his wife,—
The virtuous giver and the nurse of life ;
For him those calm domestic comforts rise,
Which Adam's fall expell'd not to the skies ;
These sweets through all his little hardships flow,
And drop their honey in his cup of woe ;
Thus prudent settlers various blessings gain,
Which I, by wand'ring, have but sought in vain.

How oft I ponder on that loved retreat
Which mark'd the boundaries of my infant feet ;
E'en now, afar my mental eye surveys
Scenes, that delighted in my youthful days ;
The plains, the valleys, and the rocky shore,
The hills behind them, and the sea before ;
There, then, I mused, nor had I cause to weep,
For cares I knew not but the care of sheep.*
Blithe as the lambs that sported at their side,
And quite as harmless were the pranks I tried ;
But trade and ocean by the fame they bore,
Drew me from scenes I must enjoy no more.
Still shall remembrance long revert to thee,
Rough featured Cambria ! ever dear to me !

* At this time the author's father possessed a great number of sheep, which he tended, on the common.

The muse reflecting on Britannia, bound
By the blue girdle of the ocean round,
Extols th' Almighty, who securely made
Our Homes—while others in the dust are laid!
For when the furies, on their crimson cars,
Awake the rage of continental wars:
While slaughtering engines drench their fields with gore,
No proud usurper can invade our shore.
In peace, the tenants of Britannia sleep,
While foreign rivers swell with blood, and weep!
Such is th' advantage to our nation given,
A nation favoured by indulgent heaven.
O that our rulers would consider this,
And remedy whate'er they find amiss:
Then Transatlantic democrats would see
Their freedom rivall'd by a monarchy!
Whilst Britons, glorying in an English throne,
Would scorn to quit for other lands, their own.

Alas! what pity that these isles should know
Pale emigration and its train of woe;
For oft we view, with sympathetic tears,
Poor natives fore'd from their domestic spheres:
Compell'd, by want or rigid laws, to roam
Abroad, to weep, and build their future Home.
As when fond birds have form'd their little nests,
And nurse their tender young beneath their breasts,
Their habitations, in the peaceful shade,
Perchance the hands of plund'ring youths invade.
The parent birds from their oppressors fly,
Till distant groves re-echo with their cry;
At length they settle and renew their toil,
And other nests beneath their labours smile.

Hard is the portion of a wand'ring race,
Who have no shelter or abiding place:

This want the Saviour of the world deplor'd,
Though next, erewhile, to heaven's eternal Lord.
Opprest with sorrow, and a weight of care,
Which none existing, but himself, could bear,
He look'd around, on all created things
That crept on earth, or soared on tow'ring wings;
Compared th' auspicious mildness of their fate
To his own houseless and rejected state.
Keen were those feelings which our Lord exprest :—
Behold! the foxes have their place of rest!
And e'en the humblest of the feather'd kind
Have nests—to shield them from the piercing wind;
But he, the Son of Man, by sorrows fed,
Has not whereon he can recline his head!

O thou, who died'st a guilty world to bless,
Didst thou deserve nought milder than distress?
Assailed by treacherous foes on every side,
Betray'd by followers—and by friends denied!
Hard was thy treatment on that fatal morn,
And hard the death-bed where thy limbs were torn.
Pale Nature, trembling, felt thy dying smart,
And all relented—save the human heart:
But thou, all-glorious, will return 'ere long
To judge thy judges and a countless throng;
The bad to exile to eternal gloom,
And call the righteous to their Heavenly Home.
Then shall bright millions, by thy sentence blest,
Look down victorious, from their seats of rest;
See groaning nature to convulsion hurl'd,
And smile in triumph at a blazing world!

HOLYWELL.

“O Cambria! whilst life in this bosom is swelling
“Shall e’er I forget thee, sweet land of my birth!”

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

Goldsmith.

ABOVE Treffynnon,* on a tow’ring hill,
Whose scenes my soul with meditation fill,
I pensive take my solitary stand,
Like Moses, gazing at the promised land;
Extend my view to England’s distant shore,
And numerous counties at a glance explore.
Full on my sight expands the open sea,
That rolls its current to the silver Dee.
Stupendous world of water!—ah! how mild,
Compos’d, and tranquil as a slumbering child
Art thou this moment, most mysterious deep!
But when loud storms arouse thee from thy sleep,
Then do thy waves, like rebel angels rise,
And wage fierce contest with the frowning skies!
Fling mighty vessels, with their canvass riven,
As if in spite, against the face of heaven!

* Holywell and Treffynnon, names applied to the town on account of the celebrated Well of St. Winifred, formerly visited by a large number of pilgrims. It yields a regular and copious stream, amounting, according to one experiment, to 100 tons per minute.

Whose masts, high tow'ring like erected spears,
 E'en clouds impending in their movement pierce ;
 Whilst often fleets, with all their wealthy store,
 Are headlong dash'd on the destructive shore,
 That man may glory in his pride no more !
 Since thou displayst such power, tremendous sea,
 How great, how strong, how wondrous then is He,
 Who form'd, uplift', and bade thee wide expand,
 Within the hollow of his mighty hand !
 Twelve years, dread ocean, have I roam'd thy waves,
 Detained by lucre's and ambition's slaves ;
 At length, releas'd from liquid hills and vales,
 I tread the firm substantial hills of Wales ;
 And like the patriarch's liberated dove,
 Once more I taste the liberty I love.

Hail ! native mountains !—not Laertes' son,
 When all his travels and his woes were done,
 Flew with more rapture to his place of birth,
 Than I to thee, my dear, my favourite earth !
 And though no rood of all thy soil I claim,
 Yet still I love thee with a patriot's flame.
 And who can view that noble land with scorn,
 Whence worthies spring that every art adorn ?
 See Paget brave and Pieton in the field,
 Who all things knew, excepting how to yield !
 And in the pulpit, pious, great, and wise,
 Behold a Coke, a Williams,* and a Price :
 While literature, with exultation owns
 At once a Pennant, Dyer, and a Jones.†
 These stars, and others, each a glorious gem,
 Shine forth around old Cambria's diadem !
 Th' admiring bard beholds them with delight,
 As wayward pilgrims view the orbs of night !

* Lord Keeper Williams, Archbishop of York, in the reign of Charles the First, was a Welshman.

† Sir William Jones.

Now roves my fancy, from obstruction free,
 To scenes that border on the flowing Dee :
 The Dee no longer o'er yon space resounds,
 But doom'd to glide in more contracted bounds.
 For now, a bank from Flint to Mostyn runs,
 Raised with vast labour by industry's sons ;
 And there, where proudly the resistless tide
 For ages spread its empire far and wide,
 Extensive fields of waving corn appear,
 That swell the blessings of each fruitful year ;
 While graceful structures in those limits stand,
 Which, late, were water, or a waste of sand !
 Thus, men possess what fishes claim'd before,
 And none have cause, but Neptune, to deplore :
 He, angry ruler of the boisterous main,
 Storms at the banks, and rages there in vain,
 Darts his strong trident in the rampart's side,
 In hope to drown fair Ceres with his tide ;
 But she regardless of his wrath appears,
 Attends her charge, and lifts its rip'ning ears.

Flint's ancient castle on the right appears,
 Like a disabled warrior grey with years.
 There, once a monarch, for but little good renown'd,*
 Was lodg'd, inglorious, and degraded bound :
 At length, removed to a remoter cell,
 The royal captive by assassins fell !†
 So perish kings, who supplications spurn,
 And from the seat of sacred mercy turn !

* In this stronghold Richard II. was delivered into the hands of the haughty Bolingbroke, basely betrayed by the Earl of Northumberland, notwithstanding his oath and promise of safety. Shakspeare has founded one of his finest passages on this event in our history.

† Richard II. died at Pontefract Castle, in all probability of voluntary or compulsory starvation. The story of Sir Piers Exton arose at a later date, and is unworthy of credit.

Before me stands, in a directer line,
A ruined abbey,* where a train divine
In former ages bow'd the willing knee,
And pour'd loud praises to the Deity!
There, now, no longer can devotion boast
Of altars, priests, or elevated host.
Hush'd are those Hallelujahs, which have sprung,
And through those aisles for generations rung;
In place of crowds of heaven-devoted souls,
Now bats obscene, and dull nocturnal owls,
Claim sole dominion of those hallow'd bounds,
And mock religion with their horrid sounds!
Ah! what avails yon ivy's fond embrace,
That out of reverence for that mouldering place,
Attempts to bind the venerable wall,
And sighs whene'er disjointed masses fall:
While howling winds through broken arches sweep,
As if lorn spirits had returned to weep.
This scene, how solemn in the dead of night,
When rising Cynthia, with diminished light,
Gleams through the trees, that round the ruins grow,
And just reveals the awful lake below.

Far on the left, amidst embow'ring shades,
See Downing, precious to th' Aonian maids,
Where classic Pennant, with laborious scan,
Compos'd his volumes for the good of man.
Let Whitford Church protect his sacred dust,
Whilst we his works to future ages trust!
And thou, his son, who slumberest by his side,
In thee my greatest benefactor died!
Bright sol for ages may be seen to rise,
And shine on thousands noble, good, and wise;
But ne'er a better shall that orb desery
Than he who late soared to the radiant sky!

* Basingwerk Abbey, at Greenfield.

Where art thou Parry,*—my respected friend !
Who didst so timely to thy country lend
Thy shining talents : are thy deeds unsung
Thou firm supporter of the British tongue ?
O ever sacred to the tuneful nine—
The bard, the patron, and the sound divine !
Why may the efforts of a Cambrian muse,
Not something glorious to the world produce ;
Since num'rous beauties through my country reign,
And all demanding the sublimest strain ?
Here, while gay nature o'er the prospect smiles,—
There, art presents us with her noblest piles !
See Mostyn rear its hospitable roof,
Whose gates against no charities are proof ;
And while Telaire strikes th' admiring eye,
Proud Gyrn exalts his tow'ring head on high.
What ! shall the scenes of neighbouring lands inspire
Their bards, to waken the immortal lyre !
While Cambria's harps, like Israel's, mutely sleep,
Or on the willows to the breezes weep ?
No !—while this breast with animation glows,
And heaven the sacred gift of verse bestows,
This land, this remnant of a British race,
Shall know they're worthy of the noblest praise !
May "Oes y byd i'r iaith Cymraig," be given,
And may its lovers in no age be driven
To seek a refuge on a foreign shore,
But firmly cleave to Britain evermore !
'Tis their own country, let them hold it fast,
And the first tongue there spoken may be last.

Now turning round this verdant height to leave,
I view the course where rival steeds achieve
Their annual rounds,—'tis a delightful sport,
And lords who know the follies of a court,

* The Rev. Henry Parry, Vicar of Llanasa, and Canon of St. Asaph.

Quit that deluding nurse of many a crime
Here to improve some moments of their time.
For rural exercise imparts at once
Unbounded pleasure, health, and innocence :
And wiser found are its promoters far,
Than those who plunge their fiery steeds in war ;
Urge harmless beasts an early fate to meet,
While trampling human limbs beneath their feet.
But here I wish not to withhold applause
From such as struggle in their country's cause :
May Britons thunder through a thousand fights,
To check usurpers, and maintain their rights.

Methinks, assembled on yon ground I see
The flower of all the principality,—
Sons, who disgrace not their illustrious sires,
Of valour, skill, and patriotie fires!
Prepared, like their forefathers, to oppose
Another Cæsar, and a host of foes!
How oft I've hasten'd in my youthful days,
To gain the prospect of a glorious race.
Proud to behold the momentary sight,
For lo! the coursers in their rapid flight,
Impell'd by steel and the resounding lash,
As sudden vanish as the light'ning's flash ;
And just as swiftly as the horses run
Are countless sums of money lost and won ;
O that each winner who augments his store
Would smile propitious on the neighbouring poor,
Then would that friendless tribe breathe fervent prayers,
That every earthly blessing might be theirs.

Now slowly winding from the mountain's head,
Deep pits I witness, where the ore of lead
Is raised by miners from the stubborn soil,
To be transformed to various things, by toil :

Balls, perhaps, that strewed with slain e'en India's earth,
 May from these mountains have received their birth.
 Youths, too, perchance, who laboured here before,
 May have been drawn to martial scenes of gore,
 Urged on, where engines of destruction blaz'd,
 And perished by the lead themselves have rais'd!
 Yet future harm, none, from these mines intend,
 But toil, unconscious of the deaths they send!
 Industry's children are the sons of Wales,
 No real starvation through their land prevails;
 Their hills, though sterile, and their portion scant—
 They ask no affluence, and they know no want;
 No bounds they crave for, but their native sod,
 With leave to labour, and to worship God!
 Yet, will they not oppression bear too long
 But burst their fetters—a resistless throng;
 And prove that spirit not extinguished quite,
 Which shone conspicuous on the fields of fight;
 And thinn'd the ranks of Saxons and of Danes,
 When thronging down they pour'd on British plains!

From yon high prospect now I've ventur'd down,
 And stand delighted in my native town;
 But whence the noises that assail mine ear?
 What crowds before me with their goods appear?
 'Tis market day;—loud dealers strain their lungs,
 And High-street echoes with two different tongues!
 The Welsh and English, there, alternate cry,
 “Rhai'n, rhai'n, yw pethau rhad,”*—“come buy, come buy!”
 Now strangers hail raw natives as they meet,
 Who cry “Dim sasneg,”† wanting power to greet!
 Some few with signs their various bargains end,
 Some curse the tongue they cannot comprehend.
 But, such as landlords, more perfection reach,
 They know each language and converse in each;

* These are your cheap articles.

† No English.

What should be foreign they pronounce quite well,
Searce aught were better, save the drink they sell.

With small rim'd hats the country lasses stand,
Each holds a basket in her dexter hand ;
Eggs, fowls, or butter, are their merchandise,
Which things have less attraction than their eyes :
Plain linscy robes adorn these harmless girls,
Whose cheeks are roses, and whose teeth are pearls.
Here, nymphs as beauteous in this group, are seen,
As Cleopatra, or the Spartan queen !
Whose charms might humble on the bended knee
Another Paris, or an Antony.
But nobler aims than conquests of this kind,
Be here allotted to the female mind ;
May virtue guard them, and for ever hide
From them the paths of vanity and pride.
Grant them those blessings that may hold them long
Their simple habits, and their native tongue.

Now have I noted every new abode
From Whitford highway, down to Chester-road :
Mark'd each improvement with admiring sight.
But the chief objects that impart delight
Are fances erected, and their various schools,
Which prove these people are no longer fools !
Not thus, appeared Treffynnon, when a boy—
I found amusements in an empty toy :
What profanation then prevail'd around,
When crowds assembled on the cricket ground
Each smiling sabbath :—for that sacred day
Was ever broken by some noisy play !
And when these sports had yielded their delights,
Each Sunday ended with repeated fights !

Sick of succeeding vices of this kind,
And being of studious, and of peaceful mind,
I left Treffynnon in a virtuous spleen,—
As if some graceless virgin of eighteen
Were by her sire abandoned in disgust,
While others take the giddy nymph in trust.
The parent, wandering round from clime to clime,
At length, is wafted by the wings of time
Once more, his long-forsaken child to view,
And finds her numbered with the virtuous few,
Improved in stature, and with beauty blest—
He smiles, and clasps her to his glowing breast !
So I, returning, can no longer frown
On the immoral conduct of the town !

To Well-street now with willing steps I bend,
Where on the left, adapted to its end
Appears a prison, without captives there ;
'Tis call'd the "round-house"—but the building's square.
Though small this structure, yet 'tis found too large
To hold the few, authorities may charge
With acts, considered as atrocious crimes ;
For lo ! this country in the worst of times
Scarce dooms one victim to the fatal tree,
In twice ten years—so righteous powers decree !
In fact, not oft throughout the Cambrian land
Are found abusers of the sixth command !

Now past the Talbot, down the sloping way
My feet conduct me, while mine eyes survey
At hand, high tow'ring, a majestic dome,
That claims alliance with the see of Rome.
Near which, the priest and worthy parson dwell,
Some ask, how come they to agree so well !
Ah, wherefore should they a contention hold,
Since both are shepherds of the Saviour's fold ?

And both are aiming to be truly blest
Where doubts and contests have eternal rest !

Hark ! heard ye not that solemn funeral knell ?
'Tis from the neighbouring church's larger bell ;
The smaller, carried through the town, repairs
Each sabbath, calling all inclined, to prayers.
Hung to a belt, by human shoulders worn,
This charge metallic through the streets is borne :
A cushion strong the bearer's knee infolds,
While the ring-handle of his bell, he holds ;
With limping pace he now conveys along
This loud inviter, with its iron tongue.
Whose grave sustainer with his better knee
E'er swings, and wakens all its harmony.
Astonish'd strangers witness through the town,
A living steeple walking up and down !

The church, below me, smiles with open door,
I'll view th' interior, which I've seen before.
Hail ! sacred temple of that living God,
Who founded worlds, and rules them with his nod !
Yet, deigns to visit with his presence here,
The meek, and humble, who his name revere.
Lord ! may the meanest of the tuneful tribe
Invoke thy succour, and thy house describe ?
Round, pond'rous columns, bear the roof on high,
While the grand organ strikes th' admiring eye ;
To hear it play'd and lofty anthems sung,
No doubt, were solemn, in my native tongue :
Strange power ! foredoomed to fan devotion's flame
Though cold and lifeless thy mysterious frame,
Yet, canst thou animate the list'ning host
And give that warmth which not thyself can boast.

Here strong supporters either gallery prop ;
 There towers a window reaching to the top,—
 Whose size, and grandeur, all the rest surpass.
 The various colours of its splendid glass
 Outshine the rainbow's ever lovely dyes,
 Or orient blushes when observed to rise.
 But, see erected on the eastern end
 Sepulchral tablets that on high extend :
 These frail memorials in their silence, can
 Speak more than volumes to the pride of man !
 Show him, how little from the grave, he keeps,
 Save the pale marble that above him weeps.

See now, the funeral, hither call'd so long
 Arrive, attended by a numerous throng ;
 The priest precedes it in his robes of white,
 And seems an angel from the plains of light !
 Repeats a portion of our Lord's reply,—
 The " resurrection and the life am I !"
 He next ascends the pulpit, and proceeds—
 In Cambrian language is the theme he reads,
 Whose pathos, and descriptive powers, convey
 The deepest terror o'er the latter day !
 Alas ! how weighty, solemn and profound,
 The words,* O angau, and O uffern, sound !
 At length the preacher to the altar goes,
 There, leans in silence and in calm repose :
 Slow move the people from the numerous pews
 And all contribute to the funeral dues ;
 The priest accepts the offering which they give,
 Then leads the mute procession to the grave !
 There, still continue o'er the silent bier
 Those rites which all receive, but none must hear.

* O Death and O Hell !

No invitations, in this country, call
The poor to burials, which are free to all;
No sable weeds those here assembled wear,
No outward mockery to the tomb they bear!
Yet far more grief their drooping souls express
Than those who show it in the hue of dress.

How many hundreds in this ground were laid,
Since last mine eyes its hollow'd bounds survey'd!
Not thus erewhile I saw the dead entombed,
But plung'd in seas, to be by sharks consum'd!
There, no relations o'er their relics weep,
No stones their memory from oblivion keep:
But here, affection when inclin'd may bend,
Point out, and mourn o'er a departed friend!

Now, "dust to dust," the reverend father cries,
And, lo! the clerk the crumbling earth applies;
Then, holds the box that held th' unconscious clay
To him whose robe is fairer than the day!
Next, through the crowd, with tardy steps he bends,
And each a trifle from his purse extends;
The clerk secures his long-established fees;—
Meanwhile the labours of the parson cease!
With ready spades the yawning grave is fill'd,
While tears are from surrounding eyes distill'd.
The soil's collected to a shapely heap
O'er him, who bears it in eternal sleep!

Pale nymphs, now bending o'er the grave are seen,
With myrtle, box, and laurel evergreen,
Which they implant above the silent dead,
While the short prayer of our Redeemer's said;
Once more, how solemn! the resounding bell
Tolls,—as if bidding the interr'd, Farewell!

And now the people to their homes return,
Through various ways, and without mourning—mourn!
Such honours, Cambria on her dead bestows,
Nor fears the censure of religion's foes!

Next, see contiguous to this sacred ground
Saint Win'fred's well, through every clime renown'd!
Hail! wond'rous fountain! 'tis to thee I owe
What I of swimming have the power to show;
How oft, when reason spread her early beam,
My limbs I practised in thy silver stream!
Yea! once I fell into the raging sea,
And would have sunk for ever, but for thee!
For thou enabledst my aspiring frame
To 'scape destruction—and imbibe the flame,
Whose rays, at last, unto thy worth conduce:—
Be thou the sweet Castalius of my muse,
Then will I prove to thee a faithful bard,
And chaunt thy boundless praise without reward!
But ah! what mortal can presume to sing
So consecrated, and so pure a spring?
This were a theme that might be best display'd
By thee, dear sainted, sweet angelic maid!
Thine ardent zeal, methinks, would be forgiven
Wert thou to snatch thy golden lyre from heaven,
And downward dart, some glorious summer's night,
When all is calm and teeming with delight—
Survey the stream that bears thy hallow'd name,
And with celestial harp resound its fame!

A form polygonal of marble bounds
This spring, which moss of fragrant kind surrounds;
A rock, deep hidden from the human sight,
But ever yielding, like the source of light,
Sends forth, of water, with resistless power,
More than twelve hundred crystal tons an hour!

+ Whose gushing breaks no solemn stillness round,
But ever liberal without noise is found!
So generous patrons, when their bounty flows
Through silent channels, like this stream it goes!
See, where the water rises from its bed,
How things have action that are cold and dead!
Oft, we observe bold divers plunge below,
To lift the pebbles moving to and fro;
But seldom one of all that venturous band
Secures a stone in his extended hand,
Before he's flung from the tremendous source
+ Up to the surface with impetuous force!

A gothic arch, which numerous ribs adorn,
Is by huge pillars o'er the fountain borne:
No solar ray e'er gilds that pond'rous dome,
And round it reigns a melancholy gloom.
In front, exalted, but of date unknown,
Rude beasts are destined to exist, in stone.
A once-fam'd temple, tow'ring o'er the whole,
Is now converted to a public school;
The desk succeeds the altar!—there no voice
Prevails now holier than the din of boys!
Yet useful learning in this mansion reigns,—
Perhaps its bound this present hour contains
Some future Hanmer, who no faith has pledged,
Or some Thalission,—yet with wings unfledged.

The second James, ere he his throne resign'd,
Led by the dictates of a pious mind,
A visit paid to this unequal'd spring,
Nor deem'd the sight unworthy of a king.
Should chaste Diana, and her virgin train,
Vouchsafe to ramble on our earth again,
They might, perchance, all foreign streams decline,
And bathe them only, British saint, in thine!

But should they take not an excursion here,
We've nymphs as beauteous and as virtuous near,
Who when hot months their blooming livery wear,
For health or pleasure to this scene repair!

Here, limbs near powerless have regain'd their strength,
By frequent bathing, and were found at length
To leave their crutches and their biers behind:
Some, still, beneath yon sacred roof we find,
Left as memorials of the cures achieved
When men in virtue of this spring believed!

The wond'rous story of St. Win'fred's fate,
Her tyrant's passion, and his deadly hate;
Her awful death—revival, and the rest,
But meet with partial credit when exprest:
We'll, therefore, dwell not on th' eventful tale,
But trace the stream through Greenfield's fertile vale.

First, a huge corn mill feels its mighty power,
Which mill supplies the neighbouring town with flour.
From thence it rushes to a loftier mill:
Then to another, and another still:
The upper, old, and crescent are their names,
And crowds upon them once had weekly claims,
For spinning foreign vegetable down,
That shone at last, in many a splendid gown!

Should some bold traveller, in the frigid zone,
To skin-clad natives deign to make it known
How that, in climes remote from icy seas,
Grow future garments on the boughs of trees!
Say, what belief would the relater gain—
Who would not deem him, at the best, insane?

Now up Bryn Celyn's flow'ry side I go,
From whence I cast my eager eyes below:

See one more factory, 'tis the fourth and last,
Whose short-liv'd triumphs, like the rest, are past!
Well I remember, how in early years,
I toil'd therein, with unavailing tears;
Condemn'd to suffer what I could not shun,
Till Sol seven times his annual course had run!
No bondage state—no requisition cell,
Nor scenes yet dearer to the Prince of Hell,
Could greater acts of cruelty display
Than yon tall factories on a former day;
E'en neighbouring forests frown'd with angry rods,
To see, Oppression! thy demand for rods!
Rods, doom'd to bruise in barb'rous dens of noise
The tender forms of orphan girls and boys!
Whose cries—which mercy in no instance found,
Were by the din of whirling engines drown'd.
But all is past! and may Treffynnon see
No more of fell Prestonian* tyranny!

Now, from them turn we to yon nobler works,
Whose inmates bow not to relentless Turks!
Low seem these structures, with their various wheels,
But well replenish'd are their pools with eels.
On neat erections splendid clocks are seen,
And equal spaces have their bounds between:
The chief material manufactured there
Is copper,—see those ponderous masses square
Reduced by rollers unto pliant sheets,
To grace, to strengthen, and improve our fleets.
Of the same metal in yon pile are made
Strong bolts, for vessels that on stocks are laid:
There, too, are thin'd stupendous squares of lead,
And those of softer nature—white and red.
Behold! yon workmen sweating o'er their fires,
While others draw immeasurable wires

* The first factory at Holywell was built by Smalley, of Preston.

Of iron, copper, and refulgent brass,
Which through their various operations pass.

Pour'd down, when melted, in yon lofty tower,
See, lead turn pellets—a metallic shower,
Decreed to rob the feather'd choirs of breath,
That man might glut and revel by their death.
Proud nature's lord; who gloriest in thy gun,—
“Thou, too, shalt perish when thy feast is done!”

Now fancy leads me to a humbler mill,
Where shreds of linen are transform'd with skill
To reams of paper: some appear so white
That lords thereon, and ladies deign to write.
Those nymphs who read whate'er their lovers feel,
These papers kiss, and in their breasts conceal.
Ah! thoughtless maidens, why so fondly keep
What has, perchance, adorn'd a beggar or a sweep!

There stands the forge, which Vulcan's self might view,
Though grand inventions of his own he knew;
Yet here, that god, with all his glorious plans,
Might snatch instruction from these wondrous pans.
Pans, form'd for climes where lasting summer reigns,
To torture souls of sweet luxurious canes.
Hark! how those loud tremendous blows resound,
Heard e'en at Mostyn, and the hamlets round;
While tongueless echo from yon hollow rocks,
The ponderous hammer, without bearing—moeks.

Thus far, the muse's unaffected theme
Has shown Saint Win'fred! how thy mighty stream
From works to works, in swift progression runs,
Supporting hundreds of industry's sons.
Now then behold it to the ocean glide,
There doom'd to mingle with that boundless tide.

THE HARPER'S DISASTERS.

“ He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
He had nae wish—but to be glad,
Nor want, but when he thirsted !
He hated nought, but to be sad,
And oft the muse suggested
His song.” *Burns.*

WHILE Israel's sons extol their Hebrew bard,
And Greece Timotheus' sounding lays regard,—
Let me recite a British Harper's fame,
John Lloyd Cadwallar was his wond'rous name ;—
For all the high stupendous hills of Wales,
Her winding rivers, and her fertile vales,
Have heard the warbling of his tuneful strings,
That might have charmed the list'ning ear of kings.
Though god-like Orpheus, with enchanting strains,
Made woods pursue him o'er the ample plains,—
Our Cambrian bard, so numerous friends confess,
With notes harmonious has performed no less,—
For wooden legs and hardened soles of clogs,
That once, of course, were shapeless boughs and logs,
Have oft, obedient to Cadwallar's lore,
Resounding danced, about the alehouse floor ;
And still his fame through wider spheres to swell,
He could in pleasing lyric verse excel ;—

For thousand various Odes he nobly made
And sweetly sung them while his harp he played,
When he described our brave forefathers stand
As mighty bulwarks of their native land,—
Their patriot zeal, their long-repeated wars,—
Their love of freedom,—and their thund'ring ears,
Breathing destruction as they rushed along,
How bosoms kindled at the moving song!

While peasants grasped their sickles, scythes, and spades,—
To show their wond'rous skill with martial blades;—
And wished they'd lived in seep'tred Arthur's reign,
When in his country's cause he shook the plain;—
How had they strewn opponents o'er the field,
And made whole legions in an instant yield.

Again, of love, whene'er he deigned to sing,
O'er frowning Mars, sweet Cupid stretch'd his wing,
And hearers felt a milder flame arise,
Glow in their breasts, and sparkle in their eyes;
Till by degrees were seeming lions found
Transformed to doves, by the subduing sound.
But when he sung the massacre of bards,
By the first Edward, whom no soul regards,—*
How every eye discharged a flood of tears,
And hearts condemned base kings of former years.
Thus could Cadwaller, with alternate sway,
Rouse every slumbering passion into play.

But, now, alas! the glowing scene must change,
To a long series of disasters strange:—

* Notwithstanding the intense hatred of Edward the First, by the Welsh, as the king who effected their final subjugation, he was a brave though ambitious man, ruling inflexibly and justly; and his character stands out in bright contrast to that of his son, the weak minded Edward the Second. The story of the massacre of the bards is probably a fiction of later date.

Ills, that affect the pensive muse to tell,
The sad Cadwaller in his course befel,—
As homeward bound, he steered from Mostyn Hall,
Where he had played delightful at a ball.

Long had bright Phœbus kiss'd the western main,
And left the stars to gild the ethereal plain,
When John Cadwaller bent his lonely way,
To seek his cot that o'er the mountains lay.
With drink replenished and refulgent ore,
Not e'en the Diafol, nor the Grand Seigneur
He feared, or envied; through the meads he sped,
Sometimes the path resounding to his tread,
And sometimes sideways on the grass he reeled,
Till winding tracks were seen in every field.
Blind to misfortune and each future cross,
Humming his favourite tune, "Ar hyd y nos,"*
He still pursued his deviating way.

At length, attracted by resistless sway,
He reached the margin of an ample ditch,
But whether yspryd demon, or a witch,
Drew unobserved the narrow bridge aside,
As he thereto his willing foot applied,—
Remains a secret, down the Minstrel fell,
Like that dread Angel to the gulph of hell!
His harp still faithful at his back remained,
Which though uninjured, of the fates complained,
Thus sympathising with its master dear,
In tone too mournful for his tender ear.

Soon as the bard recovered from his fall
Like Polyphemus groping round his wall,
His trembling hands each lofty side explored,
And then—like warriors when a ship they board—

* All the night long.

He sprang aloft, while Freedom urged him on ;
 But ah ! the great omnipotent Sir John,
 Three times repelled the minstrel from his height,
 And though subdued by that victorious knight,
 He still held out against him like a *cawr*,*
 And cried, "*pwysydd yn nyny fi i lawr ?*" †
 Once more he struggled, but in vain he scapes,
 For like the fox with the luxurious grapes
 Were all his efforts ineffectual found,
 Then to his fate submitting, thus he frowned :
 " And must I stay in this mysterious jail,
 Pent like that Prophet in the enormous whale ?
 O thou, Arion ! whose enchanting lyre
 So sweet and pregnant with celestial fire,
 Brought (when base seamen plunged thee in the wave,)
 E'en dolphins round, to snatch thee from the grave !
 Thus wert thou rescued from destruction's hand,
 And soon restored unto thy native land ;
 But I, with harp, thus distant from the sea,
 Could bring no dolphins to deliver me ! "
 No more he uttered, nor essayed to climb,
 But calmly waited the result of time.
 Deep was the fosse, but summer's scorching beam
 Had ebb'd its water to a shallow stream,
 Wherein, alas ! the sad musician stood, -
 While Somnus stretched his sceptre o'er the flood,
 And pressed him down against the sloping side,
 Where soon he slept, oblivious of the tide ;
 Banks formed his curtains, and the vaulted sky
 His canopy of gold, and azure dye.

Meanwhile the lizards, ever sportive things,
 Pierced his harp coverings, and assailed the strings ;

* Giant.

† Who is pulling me down ?

They ran, they stopped, they startled, and they paused,
Scared by the noises which themselves had caused.
Now down the sound-holes in a trice they fly,
And out again, in twinkling of an eye ;
Still wondering what this chorded structure meant,
Or who the gift for their diversion sent.
Frogs, also, lifted from the stream their heads,
But soon re-plunged into their miry beds,
Lest their new guest should haply prove a Gaul,
And to his hungry belly doom them all !

Ye fairy train that wander through the night,
Who in gay scenes and harmony delight—
Good people, hail ! (the glorious name you boast)
And millions “ strive who shall applaud you most—”
If e'er attentive to Cadwaller's lays,
You danced unseen in the delightful maze,
O guard your favourite while he slumbers there,
No doubt he's noticed by the Prince of Air !
Let not that tyrant in his malice send
A flood to drown him, ere he deigns to mend.”

Now wrapped in dreams, Cadwaller's wife at home,
Beheld the wide extended ocean foam—
Upon whose surface, in an open boat,
Her husband seemed without a guide to float.
Anon a pirate barbarous and severe,
Discharged a gun, and to the boat drew near,
Snatch'd the musician from his lonely state,
Ere long to struggle with a harder fate.
For lo ! the ship in which the minstrel went,
On robberies seemed, and on destruction bent ;
Her lawless crew for ever took delight,
In murdering all whom they subdued in fight ;
And hung their heads, suspended by the hair,
At once to daunt opponents and to dare.

Next, dame Cadwaller witnessed in her dream,
Dirks, pistols, pikes, and numerous sabres gleam ;
And those who bore these weapons mustered round
Her captive husband, and exclaimed—" We found
This man defenceless in an open boat,
No sabre, therefore, shall invade his throat ;
Come, British stranger ! join this gallant crew,
Bid country, faith, and all thy friends, adieu ;
Turn to Mahomet, and thy life we spare,
If not, thy deathbed and thy grave are there ! "
To whom thus answered the surrounded man,—
" Behold, in me, vile Turks, a Cymrio glan !*
A Christian good ! though friendless and forlorn,
I hold yourselves and all your ways in scorn ! "
This said, they urged him to the gangway straight,
And cried, " now launch the scoffer to his fate." "
With that, they formed on either side a rank,
And made the brave Cadwaller walk the plank.
His seeming plunge into the water, broke
The matron's slumber, and her screaming woke
Her girls,— " What is the matter ? " cried each startled fair,
The mother told her version to the pair.
" Ah ! " said the daughters when they heard the tale,—
" Once more that baneful and destructive ale
Has led, no doubt, our wretched sire astray,
And dangerous scenes are ever in his way ;
Here, frowning vales with num'rous mines abound,
And there dread ocean's thund'ring waves resound ;
In peril, haply, or in deep distress he lies,
If death has sealed not his deluded eyes.
It is our duty as his children dear,
To seek, to find him, and conduct him here ;
For something strange that awful vision shows,"
So spoke the girls, and in an instant rose.

* A true Welshman.

When dressed, they briskly ventured with a light,
To seek their sire, and guide his steps aright.
Explored a woodland, then a verdant lane,
That widely opened to a neighbouring plain ;
There saw, (but dimly) a tremendous ghost
That rubbed his side against a mould'ring post.
A sudden turn, th' affrighted damsels gave,—
Like vessels veering on the briny wave ;—
By terror spurred,—that mover of our feet,
With stiffened hair the fearful nymphs retreat.
Urged by confusion, that achieves not well,
Win'freda stumbling o'er a bramble fell,
And broke her lantern in th' inglorious fall,—
While poor Lavinia lost her favourite shawl,
Snatched from her shoulders by a ruthless thorn,
That waved in triumph what the maid had worn.
Still they pursued their progress like the wind,
Not daring once to cast a look behind,
Each seemed unwilling to attempt a fault,
That turned a nobler woman into salt.

Now, had Cadwaller's daughters reached their house,
With perspiration falling from their brows,
Secured the door, and panting with alarms,
Reclined their heads upon their trembling arms :—
Those cheeks, which late as roses were discerned ;
Are now ill-fated, into lilies turned.
O had the spectral phantom by the way
Amused our damsels with a friendly bray,
Then would they doubtless soon have understood,
'Twas but a harmless ghost of flesh and blood,
(Like that which bore the Prophet Balaam's weight),
That urged their feet at such tremendous rate!

Soon as pale fear, to courage deign'd to yield,
Each nymph a most surprising tale revealed,

Win'freda vowed, with a reluctant frown,
How the relentless goblin knocked her down,—
And robbed her lantern of its latest spark,
That he might wreak his vengeance in the dark;
And had her prayer been weaker than his power,
She'd known his fury, and her final hour.

“It was,” exclaimed Lavinia, “I declare
That gloomy sprite that stripp'd my shoulders bare.
I felt his hand extended to my back;
But springing forward from the fierce attack,
I disappointed that malignant ghost,
Who now retains the garment which I lost!”
The mother heard their dismal story through
And thus confirmed their observation true.
“The world abounds with supernatural things;
But place reliance on the king of kings;
Then no ysprydion* that terrific glide,
Through ruined castles or in glens abide,—
Can harm a blewyn† that your head adorns;
Not e'en the tempter can employ his horns,
Without permission from a power on high,—
So trust the latter, and the rest defy.”

Now to Cadwaller let the muse return,
Who heard nor consort, nor his children mourn,
But slept unconscious of corroding care,
With Morpheus only was his business there.
He, to our Minstrel most severely kind,
Breathed soft illusions to beguile his mind;—
For through past ages had his fancy gone
And nobly placed him upon David's throne.
Robed, crowned and sceptred in a regal state,
Receiving homage from the proud and great,

* Spirits.

† A hair.

He seemed ;—while smiling with majestic mien,
Sat his most virtuous and accomplished Queen.

Morn, now, deep blushing like a virgin led
To Hymen's Altar, rises from her bed ;
Bright Phœbus mounts his golden car, and flings
Reviving glances on terrestrial things ;
And while around he darts his radiant eyes,
Beholds with anger, sorrow, and surprise
One,—whom his ardour had divinely fired
And for th' instruction of mankind inspired,—
In miry bounds inglorious cast away !
Him, viewed the god, and quickened with his ray,
Cadwallar wakened, and on gazing round
No gorgeous palace to his grief he found ;
No throne, no sceptre, gold nor diamonds bright,
Nor splendid courtiers glittered on his sight ;
No diadem around his temples spread,—
But sable mud dishonoured all his head,
That from the crumbling bank had glided down,
And took the place of a refulgent crown !
All else with night's departed shades had flown :
His soothing partner was his harp alone.
Deluding scenes ! that could his soul bewitch,
Then leave him friendless in an open ditch !

But are not really all terrestrial joys,
Vain, unsubstantial, bubbles, shows and noise ?
We scarce possess the trifles ere they pass,
Like pearly dew drops from the morning grass ;
E'en I, who fain would strike the lyre with glee,
Oft prove the victim of adversity,
Who frowning aims at my desponding heart,
Though I would gladly disappoint the dart ;
Like Israel's minstrel, when relentless Saul
Essayed with javelins to achieve his fall.

As pale as ashes, now Cadwaller rose,
From the damp limits where he found repose ;
Dame nature cheered him, and demanded nought,
For recent lodgings which he never sought.
A cart, though early, was despatched abroad,
To fetch of coals, from sable mines, a load,
Whose driver spied, as near the hedge he drew,
An old acquaintance rising to his view.
" All hail ! " he cried, " I witness with regard,
The resurrection of a favorite bard."
" Well met, my son," the Harper loud replied,
" Thou'st brought a carriage, and I fain would ride ;
My chamber maid, neglectful of her toil,
Last night consigned me to a bed of soil ;
Which transplantation has not made me thrive,
Though set with water, I am scarce alive ;
Great drought I feel, and all my bones are sore,
My harp, too, weighs more pond'rous than before ;
Do thou, my friend, some timely aid impart,"
He said ; the driver placed him in his cart,
Then plied his whip, and gaily drove away,
Direct from thence the poet's mansion lay.

Fair and delightful was the breathing morn,
Not grander Flora could the vales adorn ;
There flow'ry tribes displayed their various dyes,
And earth looked heavenward with her countless eyes.
Sweet larks and thrushes sung their matin strains,
And hares unchased were sporting on the plains ;
While fragrance borne from meadows, herbs, and trees.
Rode on the pinions of the western breeze.
Still to the Bard no charm this scene reveals,
For ah ! within, a torrid clime he feels !
At length a tavern by the highway side,
Our anxious travellers with a smile descried ;

Here bold Cadwaller, who retained his seat,
Resolved to give unto himself a treat;
Warm ale, well sweetened, and admixed with rum,
He bought, and gave the generous carter some;
The larger draughts he to himself allowed,
Till down again, with vanquished powers he bowed:
On heaps of hay reclined his slumbering head,
While to the pit th' exalted carter sped.

Th' assembled colliers, when the Bard arrived,
With joy beheld him, and at once contrived,
How they might joke,—unconscious of offence,—
And crown their glasses at his sole expense.
At length upon a glorious scheme they hit,
And lowered the famed Cadwaller down the pit;
His harp was also doomed to shades below,
As fit companion of its master's woe!
Those that around him in attendance kept,
And watched the Poet as he calmly slept.
Disrobed his Telyn,* and its form surveyed,
Then gently prostrate in his arms they laid
The instrument; while a mischievous few,
Their sooty hands across his visage drew.
That done, they left him for awhile to snore,
Loud as through caves Atlantic billows roar.
When sleep, in part, his eyelids had declined,
(His arms still closely round his harp entwined,)
He whispered, "Catharine, ever fair and good,
Draw near, my spouse," and kissed th' unconscious wood.

Soon as the minstrel was observed to rouse,
A wight with horns extending from his brows,
And well disguised in weeds of sable hue,
Towards the sore astonished Harper drew,

* Harp.

And thus addressed him, in a tone severe,—
“Who art thou, stranger! and what brought thee here?”
The captive answered, “The loud trump of fame,
Has long established my immortal name;
I am Cadwaller: and the wreath I bear,
Not without merit I presume to wear.
I can trace back my glorious pedigree,
To chiefs who set their groaning country free:—
Brave warriors, poets, statesmen, wise and great,
All firm supporters of the British state!”
“Boasting ancestral names, deep in this place,
Can nought avail to cover thy disgrace,”
Replied the miner: “Let thy tongue declare,
Why sent to these dominions of despair;
They must be sins of pond’rous weight that hurled,
So great a poet from the upper world.”
To whom the pale musician answered, “Lo!
Are these the regions of eternal woe?
Where souls condemned, and fallen angels dwell?
And art thou, too, the Potentate of hell?”

“E’en so!” the other, fiercer still, rejoined,
“And thou must be to endless flames consigned!
Except thou deign’st this moment to confess,
All the transgressions which thy soul oppress!”

Cadwaller, then, exclaimed, with faltering voice,
“My youthful follies were the tricks of boys,
I’ve played at ball, at marbles, and at quoits;
Sought martial glory, and renowned exploits;
Led boys with drums, recruiting up and down,
Then warred with youngsters of a neighbouring town;
I’ve launched frail navies on contracted seas,
Torn nests from hedges and the boughs of trees.
One Sunday morn I climbed a castle wall,
But fell head foremost,—’twas a dangerous fall!

For on the pavement I profusely bled,—
And broke at once, the Sabbath and my head.
I've played the truant near a hundred times,
And daily plagued my master's soul with rhymes ;
I've flown balloons and paper kites in air,
And once I stole a whistle at a fair.
When insult led me to the battle field,
I ne'er was last to strike or first to yield.
But when at length to riper years I came,
Sly Cupid touched me with his amorous flame ;
I courted scores of maidens fair and gay,
Almost a fresh admirer every day ;
One Jenny Price, of all the lovely host,
Just then engaged my roving fancy most :
Which nymph I promised, with an oath to wed,
And for that purpose to the church we sped ;
But while we waited for the reverend sirc,
Repentance came and urged me to retire ;
With that I slipt around the sacred fane,
And baulked at once the party, priest, and Jane,
I next took up with those convivial souls,
Who drain, at once, their purses and their bowls ;
Then when I gave the marriage askings in,
I caused good Ben, our parish clerk, to sin ;
For him, strong liquors at a vault, I paid,
Which, on my friend, such strange impression made,
That he, to church, that morning rolled along,
And marked the lessons for the parson wrong !
He next displayed his reverend master's gown,
And to his back applied it upside down ;
For which he lost his credit and his place,
But mine the sin, the source of his disgrace :
For cursed is he who holds the baneful cup,
To his frail neighbour, till he drains it up.

“ Though heaven has blest me with a virtuous spouse,
I cleave not strictly to the marriage vows ;

There's Cadoos Ardd, a neighbouring farmer's wife,
I love, as dearly as I love my life.
And Ruth"—"Enough!" our mimic Nick exclaims,
"Vile wretch! thy portion's in the hottest flames!
Approach, ye Fiends, and drag him to his doom!"
With that, obedient from the distant gloom,
Rushed frowning imps, with weapons long and sharp,
But bold Cadwaller nimbly seized his harp,
And played, ere those tormentors could advance,
Which turned th' intended mischief to a dance.
Ah! sly harmonious rogue, he knew full well,
How music triumphed in the shades of hell;
When Orpheus' strains, relented Proserpine,
And half restored Eurydice divine!

Fresh miners now arrived upon the spot,
Which men knew nothing of the passing plot;
Of whom a pair, whose stations were below,
Heard music sweet, in their deep caverns, flow.
"What can these sounds," said wondering Powell, "mean,
Some land of Fairies, or enchanted scene,
Are perhaps discovered by our lab'ring friends,
Or else the Psalmist from the dead ascends."

"I swear," cried Pritchard, "by the powers of Job,
We've perforated through the solid globe,
And this delightful, this melodious tide,
Proceeds from minstrels on the other side.
Some Bards, self-exiled, an exulting band,
Have reached Australia, or Van Dieman's Land;
Who having here, from British famine fled,
Are now rejoicing at the sight of bread."

The pit's dark bottom now these miners reach,
Where looks of terror and surprise from each,
Along the passage on the right were cast;
They paused, but ventured in that line at last.

Tom Powell, foremost of the hardy pair,
Approached the Harper, in full action there :
And thus addressed him, on his bended knee,
“Yn enw'r Drindod sanctaidd, pwy wyt ti?”*
These words so solemn, and expressed so well,
Broke in a moment the mysterious spell.
Now peals of laughter ran through all the place,
And echoing shook the subterraneous space,
These laughed at the simplicity of those
On whom this weak deception could impose ;
Nor they withheld their mirth, who stood deceived,
But all, the joke, in friendly terms received.
And now they urge Cadwaller to impart,
Some liberal means to animate the heart,
With those his fingers had already tried,
The Bard assenting to their wish complied ;
Gave lib'ral presents to procure them ale,†
And soon they wound him from his darksome jail.

Now blessed with freedom, and with features black,
And harp suspended at his aching back ;
Cadwaller hastened o'er forbidden grounds,
But trod more cautious when in certain bounds,—
Bounds where stern keepers shot a vent'rous man,
Who bore the title of old poacher Dan ;
Whose soul delighted in nocturnal snares,
That caught his Lordship's rabbits and his hares.

He next approached a weed o'ermantled pool,
Where Hugh Ddiras, an ever-drunken fool,
Who scorned the guidance of his faithful wife,
Walked in, one Christmas, and resigned his life.
A quarry lastly met our minstrel's sight,
’Twas from its basis a tremendous height,

* In the name of the Holy Trinity, who art thou ?

There love-sick Anna, whom her swain forsook,
A leap (how fearful) from its summit took :
To whose remains were sacred rites denied,
And now she moulders by the highway side ;
Wild flowers sigh yearly o'er her lonely grave,
But her false lover, the perfidious knave,
This spot would pass not, when the day grew dim,
Lest she should rise and tear him limb from limb.

To gratitude, now famed Cadwallar leans,
Because he'd 'scaped these ever-dang'rous scenes;
For had he journeyed onwards through the night,
Destruction's hand might have despatched him quite,
And as he seemed from all disasters free,
He poured his soul in this soliloquy :—

“ Yn wir !* I've been throughout this tour to blame,
And lost, perchance, a glorious life of fame ;
First in a miry ditch I lay perplexed,
Then meanly slumbered in a coal pit next :
What will my wife and lovely daughters say,
Of my imprudent conduct and delay ?
Ah! faithful Cath'rine, partner ever dear,
I know thou feel'st an inward pang severe :
Thou think'st, no doubt, that I exist no more,
But sleep beneath yon awful billows' roar ;
Or by some faithless ignis fatuus led,
To bogs, or marshes, that immensely spread.
Had I, dear consort, been advised by thee,
And dashed the second proffered cup from me ;
I, then, true wisdom should have shown, but ah !
What genius cleaves not unto diot dda ? †
All, hitherto, have loved it in their turns,
From old Anacreon, down to Robert Burns,

* In truth.

† Good drink.

But oh ! ye taverns, robbers of our wealth,
Ye sure destroyers of my fame and health ;
How oft in you I've spent the treasure won,
And what kind fortune did, have there undone :
Ye legal curses, that deprive my wife
Of more than half the comforts of this life,
We little think, whene'er we spend a crown,
In needless liquors, that we swallow down,
A pair of shoes, a bonnet, or a gown.
But I'm resolved, now all the danger's o'er,
To be the slave of baneful drink no more."

This said, he rushed into an ample field,
Where, on a sudden, to his sight revealed
Cows tamely grazing, and a lordly bull,
Fierce seemed the latter, and of mischief full :
The foe advanced, now see the Bard retreat,
Whose fame and life depended on his feet ;
Beneath which grew no verdure on the path,
The tyrant followed, with augmented wrath.
Like Ilion's Hector, and great Peleus' son,
The pair continued in a line to run :
Drink's dire effects, with those of lodgings hard,
Together worked against the luckless Bard ;
For had he felt no stiffness in each limb,
In vain his rival would have coped with him,
Still on his side, kind fortune deigned to smile,
Till intercepted by a frowning stile ;
Whose narrow, rude construction, gave at least
No small advantage to the furious beast ;
Who forward sprung, with horns extending sharp,
And fiercely plunged them in Cadwaller's harp ;
Tore the reluctant burden from his back,
Whose hollow tone confessed the dire attack ;
Tossed and retossed it up, with many a throw,
As if it had no business here below ;

And still he seemed, whene'er it struck the ground,
In some degree, delighted with the sound.
Through the thick fence, the frantic Bard surveyed
The brutal act, and thus beseeching prayed:—

“Oh, thou bright Phœbus! patron, ever dear,
See'st thou how music is degraded here?
Avenge a lover of thy heavenly art,
And plunge an arrow in yon tyrant's heart.
Or catch my Telyn as it mounts on high,
And fix it sacred in th' ethereal sky;
Yea, let the Zodiac bear its frame divine,
And Taurus henceforth cease to be a sign;
Because his namesake, in this fatal hour,
The harp disgraces, and defies thy power.”

This prayer, which soared up from the fumes of drink,
Was doomed, unanswered from on high, to sink;
But still the Bard, with added rage oppressed,
His foe, thus fearless, through the hedge addressed:—

“O Tarw drwg!* some future day, I'll see,
Relentless dogs as fiercely fall on thee;
Whene'er thou'rt fastened to the trusty ring,
My canine friend that glorious hour I'll bring,
That, like a dauntless lion, shall oppose,
Seize thy vile, bloated, execrated nose,
While I salute thy stubborn back with blows.
And when, at last, the butcher strikes thee dead,
I'll saw those pointed terrors from thy head;
Which soon transformed to things of nobler use,
Shall hold good liquor when my consort brews;
My homely shelves they shall be fixed upon,
With this inscription deeply cut thereon:—

* O impious bull.

'These are the horns, (though now no longer sharp,) That tossed and shattered famed Cadwaller's harp ;' Then whatso'er a weighty piece may cost, Some future portion of thy flesh I'll roast : Thus full revenge, as surely shall be mine, As thou'rt no judge of harmony divine ; A taste you boast, 'tis certain, but alas ! No lay can suit it, but a ley of grass."

Now had the monarch of the horned kind, Displayed his talent, and the harp resigned, Returned with victory smiling on his brows, To roar his triumph to the distant cows. Meanwhile Cadwaller to the pasture went, And slyly seized his broken instrument ; With which he hastened o'er the stile away, And cried, "Base actor of a baser play, I little thought, that after years had past, To be thus ruined by thy rage at last : But live thy day, these strings have rung thy knell, And thou shalt fall, e'en as my Telyn fell." The harp enveloped, though in shattered state, Had lost no portion of its former weight ; As great Æneas bore his aged sire, With panting bosom from the Trojan fire, So the desponding hero of our song, With sighs conveyed his injured harp along. And lest some furious agent from a bush, Once more upon him should presume to rush, He snatched a hedge-stake, pointed like a spear, And thundering, dared e'en Satan to appear. His angry voice resounding, spread alarm, When on a sudden, from a neighbouring farm, A surly terrier and a gander came, To vent their fury on the son of fame,

One tore his trousers, but the flesh he missed,
And one behind him like a serpent hissed ;
But brave Cadwaller swung his weapon round,
And marched triumphant from the hostile ground.

“Woe, woe,” said he, “unto the world, because
Of more offences than of warm applause ;
For when the fates spurn hapless genius down,
The whole creation on him seems to frown ;
Yea, beasts and fowls and brutes of human kind,
With persecutions wound his feeling mind.
Which of the tuneful or prophetic race
Has not the world endeavoured to disgrace ?
Some it has poisoned, some with weapons slain,
Some crucified, some banished o’er the main :
Still, as of yore, relentless crowds conspire
Against each lover of the sacred Lyre.
O viperous generation, who shall quell
Your rage, or snatch you from the jaws of hell ?”

Thus he, reflecting, o’er a mountain passed,
And reached the limits of his cot at last ;
Soon as he dimmed the entrance of his house,
His virtuous daughters and his faithful spouse,
With screaming, raised such unaccustomed din,
As brought, at once, surrounding neighbours in.
When valued friends return, at sundry times,
From lands adjacent, or remoter climes,
Not oft, relations, with lamenting noise,
Behold their smiling faces, but rejoice :—
So these, no doubt, had known supreme delight,
Had old Cadwaller’s countenance been white ;
But as it bore the sable hue of coals,
It shot unusual terror through their souls.
Still greater fears their wondering eyes expressed,
On closely witnessing his state distressed ;

To all he seemed dejected and forlorn,
His Telyn broken, and his garment torn.
“O, John Lloyd, dear!” the matron loudly cried,
“O, most unhappy Father!” both the girls replied;
“Whence sprung this change, oh! tell us where and when,
Say were thy foes Bwganyiad, * brutes, or men?”
Him thus they questioned, with increasing wail,
Till he relieved them with his woful tale.

* Apparitions.



THE WELSH COTTAGE.

“ I sing,
The griefs, the joys, in life’s sequestered scene
The native feeling strong, the guileless ways.”

Burns.

WHILE some in thought, to foreign climes retire,
In quest of themes for the harmonious lyre,
And grace with proud imperial domes and fanes,
Or eastern splendour their resounding strains ;
For me, at present, I disdain to roam
In wild idea from my native home ;
Content I cleave to this sequestered spot,
And sing LLEWELYN’S solitary cot.
A cot ! methinks the haughty few exclaim,
Why place such hovels on the path of fame ;
Ah, pause — ye proud, nor utter forth dispraise,
For see, a peasant of a princely race,
Whose brave forefathers were renowned in fight,
Is here presented to the mental sight :
But fate, and clouds of generations past,
Obscured this once-distinguished line at last.

Where towering Snowdon lifts his head on high,
As if to scan the secrets of the sky,
A Cottage stood ; whose venerable form
Had felt the rage of many a winter's storm ;
Its roof of straw defied the power of rain,
That oft assail'd it, but assail'd in vain !
Nought of refinement could its windows reach,
But formed like diamonds were the panes of each ;
The woodbine faithful to the post it bore,
Breathed in its fragrance at the Cottage door ;
Adhering moss along the wall was seen,
And ivy trembling, of a darker green ;
A rose tree peeping round the corner stone,
Diffused its sweets like modest worth unknown ;
The garden knew no cultivator's care,—
The cause hereafter shall the muse declare ;
One lonely shrub within its boundary sighed,
O'er its lost kindred, that neglected died !
Such was th' exterior of LLEWELYN'S cot :
Poor man, what pity that he owned it not.

Imagination now applies her wing,
The latch uprises as she pulls the string ;
The door unfolds, the work of ruder years,
And all th' interior to the sight appears—
Flags, that no art in their formation bore,
Adorned the surface of the kitchen floor ;
But, not thus honoured was the chamber, there.
Earth shewed a portion of her bosom bare ;
The walls confessed the whit'ning power of lime,
And all the goods contended hard with time ;
The drawers, the settle, and the chairs of oak,
Their length of age in silent language spoke ;
All these, the carver's wond'rous skill displayed,
And long were they from sire to son conveyed.

Famed British worthies doomed to live in paint,
Appeared, and David their immortal saint
O'er all, the sceptre'd brave LLEWELYN hung,
'Twas from this Prince our humble cotter sprung.
Shelves groaned with plates and pewter dishes bright,
And rows of trenchers so completely white,
That they no more resemblance bore to wood ;
While in the centre of the cupboard stood
A china vase, disfigured by a fall,
Whose broken side looked inward to the wall ;
So persons entering, strangers to its fate—
Admiring, deemed it in a perfect state ;
A box metallic, with a tapered end,
Stripped of its heater was observed to lend
Its aid alternate,—by some strange device—
As smoothing iron and as trap for mice ;
'Twas the invention of a shepherd boy,
Who there would oft his vacant time employ :
But most the clock my rising soul admires,
Whose face was older than LLEWELYN'S sires ;
Where like a watchful sentry from his tower,
An artificial cuckoo sung the hour ;
Whose notes resounding struck the list'ning ear
And kept a merry summer all the year ;
But what availed its artless notes to him,
Whose limbs grew feeble and whose eyes were dim ;
For seventy years had o'er LLEWELYN fled,
And life's bleak winter whitened all his head ;
Thus he no more in gloomy mines could toil,
Nor urge the ploughshare through the stubborn soil.
He saw the wolf in all his rage advance,
While fortune cy'd him with malignant glance!
And to complete his woes, the landlord sent,
To mark and seize his valued goods for rent.
Alas ! what force of language can impart
The piercing sorrows of LLEWELYN'S heart,

His virtuous consort and himself in tears,—
Nor was his partner less advanced in years,
Who labour'd hard at knitting and her wheel,
To keep a shelter and procure a meal!
By public auction must their goods be sold,
And round the tidings through the country roll'd;
LLEWELYN'S daughter and her husband came,
To view their hardship and their own proclaim,
For they like Peter and my namesake John,
Of shining silver and of gold, had none;
Small was the weekly income they received,
And o'er their half-fed children oft they grieved;
The youngest infant on its mother's knees,
Amidst surrounding troubles smiled at ease;
While on its cheek urged by maternal woes,
Tears fell, like dew-drops falling on the rose!
“Oh!” cried Maria with a heaving sigh,
That my fond brother at this hour were nigh,
Soon would he chase these threat'ning clouds away,
And cheer our hearts with a reviving ray.”
“He's dead, no doubt!” her father loud rejoin'd,
“And to lament his loss we stay behind;
Yes; the bright sun of all our hopes is set—
The prospect's dark and may be darker yet;
And must this crazy bark whose shatter'd form
So long survived, now sink beneath the storm?”

Ah! cease to weep! for He who daily feeds
The fowls of air, and decks the flow'ry meads,
Who guards alike th' unrighteous and the good,
And sent the raven with Elijah's food,
Can hush this rising tempest to a calm,
And cause e'en good to spring from seeming harm.

The day appointed for the sale arrived,
And old LLEWELYN'S grief again reviv'd;

Not for the value of his goods he pined,
But that a reverence round his soul entwined,
Which bound these things to his affection strong,
Because his fathers had possessed them long ;
Their loss to him was as the loss of friends,
Snatch'd from existence by untimely ends !
Now crowds descended from surrounding hills,
Led to the Cottage by directing bills.
The sale commenced—LLEWELYN dropt a tear,
As fell the hammer of the auctioneer !
But scarce was aught of great importance sold,
When lo ! a stranger glorious to behold,
Came riding forward with a herald's speed,
Then sprung like lightning from his beauteous steed—
Rush'd to the cottage through th' admiring crowd,
And bade the seller to desist, aloud !
Eyed sad LLEWELYN and exclaimed—"To fret
Forbear ! I hasten to discharge thy debt,"
With that, an ample purse of gold he drew,
Which to the owner of the cot he threw,
Saying—"Take that trifle and redeem thy store,
If that's deficient I'll advance thee more."
The people wondered at the sudden change,
None knew the giver, as the man was strange ;
The aged matron stedfast viewed his face,
Then flew exulting to his fond embrace,
She kissed—and fainting with excess of joy,
Could only utter thus, "My boy ! my boy !"
Now see LLEWELYN to the stranger run,
And with an equal joy exclaim, "My son.
Our long lost Edwin ! sun of our delight,
O timely risen to dispel the night
That darkly gather'd round our humble shed,
O, found still living, whom we mourned as dead."
Next, fair Maria with affection sprung,
And round his neck in silent wonder hung.

Close as the fragrant woodbine to the oak
She cleaved, and wept a moment ere she spoke.
“And is it you!” she cried, “my brother dear,
’Twas bounteous heaven all gracious, sent you here,
That could such virtue on thy soul impress
To aid thy parents in their deep distress.”

The crowd dispersed, that hastened there to buy,
The rent discharged and every eyelid dry ;
A generous peasant with becoming speed,
To shelter led benevolent Edwin’s steed ;
While in the cot with his relations round,
A hearty welcome and a chair he found ;
With gratitude and admiration mixt,
Upon the son, the parent’s eyes were fixt.
They asked a hundred things,—for twice nine years
Should pour some strange adventures on their ears ;
“ And tell me child,” the reverend matron cried,
“ What hast thou suffered on the briny tide ?
’Scap’st thou uninjur’d from each vengeful ball ?
What hast thou seen, my son ! come, tell me all ?”
With that she hastened to prepare a meal,
That he, refresh’d—his travels might reveal ;
Confused at once with joy, surprise, and haste,
Some wrong utensils on the board she placed,
At which, she scarcely could forbear to laugh,
And cried, “ My son, we boast no fatted calf.
Nor could our recent means afford a lamb,
But heaven has blest our cot with eggs and ham ;
Which I’ll prepare this instant, o’er the fire ;”
With that, the daughter whisper’d to her sire,
Who bowed compliance to her just demand,
And gently slip’d a shilling in her hand ;
With which she hastened through the flowery vale,
And soon returned with soul-reviving ale.

Now savoury viands on the board were laid,
And the dark remnant of a loaf convey'd,
The dame observed that fate's relentless frown
Full soon transforms the whitest loaves to brown,
"True," Edwin answer'd, "yet, the Saviour fed
Five thousand persons with no whiter bread ;
Let me, at least, one homely meal enjoy,
And better shall our future care employ."
The sire implored a blessing on their fare,
Not much he uttered, but the heart was there.
On all around the matron deigned to wait,
But most, her hands replenished Edwin's plate ;
"Eat child!" she cried, and when the whole had done,
Commenced the story of LLEWELYN'S son.
"Since first," said he, "I left Britannia's isle,
Kind heaven on all my efforts deign'd to smile ;
I've braved the seas with a distinguished crew,
And captured wealthy prizes, from Peru ;
Of cold and heat I've felt the dire extremes,
Where downward rays dissolved our pitchy seams,—
Or where stern winter from his icy throne,
Transforms the polar ocean into stone ;
I've seen the billows rousing from their sleep,
And breathe a fierce rebellion o'er the deep ;
Skies against waves, and waves against the skies,
In dreadful contests were observed to rise ;
While ships that seemed but mighty Neptune's toys,
Were tossed like playthings in the hands of boys.
I've rush'd to battle, where our squadron broke
Through flames of sulphur, and through nights of smoke.
Whole hosts I've witnessed from existence hurled,
And pushed, untimely, to th' eternal world ;
But, sick of scenes where laws despotic urge,
And ever shake the unrelenting scourge ;
I bought my freedom from our ships of war,
And bent my soul on peaceful realms afar,

Left noisy guns, and gunners to their fates,
Sailed o'er, and settled in th' United States;
And there resolved to send no tidings o'er
Till I enriched, returned to Britain's shore.
At Philadelphia, I engaged to write
For it's chief merchant, with unfeign'd delight;
All the new world heard my employer's fame,
A generous man, and Richmond was his name:
One only daughter, beauteous to behold,
Had he, sole heiress to his ships and gold;
She seemed the fairest of the charming fair,
Her form, her manners, and her modest air;
Her sloe-black eye, her lips vermilion hue,
My admiration and affection drew;
While jetty ringlets deck'd her lovely face,
Like raven's pinions o'er an ivory base!
But, how unequal my descriptive art,
To paint the graceful virtues of her heart.
This were a theme might swell the minstrel's lyre,
And wake the raptures of poetic fire.
Ah, dear Eliza! when I told my pain,
She sought no triumph o'er her vanquish'd swain;
But crown'd my tender passion with success,
And laid the basis of my happiness.
With her, by rivers, or in shady bower,
I past, in secret, many a happy hour;
Her sire, at length, got knowledge of our love,
But found it harmless as the turtle dove;
And ever scorning to upbraid his child,
He smiled upon us, and his consort smiled,
Then gave consent that we should join our hands,
And blest us thus, in Hymen's willing bands;
Twelve years I managed all his great affairs
And daily studied to remove his cares;
Then he departed from this vale of life,
And soon was followed by his virtuous wife.

When both were laid beneath the weeping stone,
Their numerous ships and treasure were my own;
Yet, though I prosper'd in a foreign part,
My native home still hover'd round my heart.
Old Cambria, hail! I love thy towering hills,
Thy rocks, thy castles, and thy sparkling rills;
Health smiles triumphant on thy mountains bleak,
With Sharon's rose imprinted on her cheek.
But to return, I sold my vessels all,
And next disposed of the rich merchant's hall,
Prepared for Europe, and embark'd my store,
Brought wife and children to the Cambrian shore,
There, saw a placard, that announced the sale
Of one LLEWELYN's goods in Snowdon vale,
I judg'd them yours, and hither soon I sped,
While my dear charge remained at Holyhead."

He ceased—the parents smiled upon their son,
And thus the father in his turn begun,—
"Few years ago, while resting on my spade,
I viewed a sailor hastening down the glade,
My heart exulted with paternal glee,
For in his form, my fancy pictured thee;
But disappointment soon my bosom crost,
'Twas but a wandering tar, whose ship was lost
Off Arvon Bay, from whence the stranger came,
Some hospitality, alas, to claim;
I made him welcome, and we lodged him here,
And o'er his sad misfortunes dropt a tear,
For he'd been captur'd on the ocean thrice,
Once by the French, and by the Spaniards twice;
To him, I named thee, and thy age revealed,
Nor aught descriptive of thy form conceal'd;
But no glad tidings could our guest impart
To soothe the anguish of a parent's heart;

And as no letter o'er th' Atlantic sped,
We mourn'd our living Edwin as the dead !”
The sire concluded, and the mother thus
“Dear son, no moment since you went from us
Past without wak'ning various thoughts of thee,
E'en dreams, thine image have restored to me.

Now Owen* came,—whom Edwin sent to town,
And laid a basket of provisions down:
A neighbour followed with an equal load,
To grace LLEWELYN and his snug abode.
All sorts of groceries, and the best of bread,
Fresh meat, and wines upon the board were spread ;
The joyful parents never saw before
Such dainties enter at the cottage door ;
Maria whispered with unfeigned delight,
“We go not fasting to repose to night.”
Now guileless Owen and LLEWELYN'S son,
Remarks on commerce and on trade begun,
But they each other scarce could understand,
One, partly lost his Welsh in foreign land,
And one much English never learned to speak ;
For 'tis a system in our mountain Greek
To place the noun before the adjective ;
So, in like manner, Owen tried to give
The English idiom an erroneous turn,
But who can reach perfection ere they learn ?

Bright Sol, o'er Snowden now concealed his head,
While fleeting clouds were seen of fiery red ;
Thus when some monarch quits a grand review
His troops in scarlet of the deepest hue,
Disperse in ranks along the wild campaign,
So the red clouds moved o'er th' ethereal plain ;

* Llewelyn's Son-in-law.

Whatever shops or shambles could produce,
Or gardens yield for craving mortals' use,
Were dressed congenial to the nicest taste,
And on the board in ample order placed ;
The table conscious of its sumptuous state,
Now groaned beneath the unaccustomed weight ;
All closed the board, by Edwin's mild command,
Who stood and carved for the surrounding band ;
Slice after slice, his bounteous hands bestowed,
While every bosom with affection glowed ;
All praised their banquet, while the liquor brown
From tea-cups washed the savoury morsels down :
When all had finished, and the cloth removed,
The various wines were tasted, and approved ;
A few small glasses cheered our lowly throng,
And drew from Owen a melodious song—
Made old LLEWELYN trace his pedigree,
And cry, " Behold a British Prince in me ! "
The matron also smiled in sweet content,
And quite forgot the landlord and his rent ;
Thought that *gynt amser** or Eliza's reign,
In all its glory had returned again.

At length Maria, and without demand,
Received a present from her brother's hand,
Then beckoned Owen, and they both depart
To their own dwelling with a grateful heart ;
The duteous matron, when the pair had gone,
Showed Edwin's bed, then calmly sought her own ;
Meanwhile LLEWELYN, on his bended knees,
Prayed to his Maker, and his words were these—
" O thou Creator of this world, and those
Which skies nocturnal to the sight disclose ;
Accept the tribute of a heart that must
Ere long congeal and moulder into dust ;

* Former time.

Dread Power ! I thank thee that thy friendly shield
Has been displayed upon the watery field,
In the defence of this my darling son,
When balls destructive flew from every gun ;
Thine arm restrained through all the various climes,
His heart from vices, and his hands from crimes ;
Thou crown'st, O Lord, the summer of his life
With wealth, with children, and a virtuous wife ;
Thou too, hast brought him after twice nine years,
To wipe away his aged parents' tears ;
To smoothe their passage, and to cast a ray
On the eleventh hour of their fleeting day ;
To close their eyelids, and to see them laid
Beneath the yew, or cypress' mournful shade.
O ! mayst thou still, Omnipotence divine,
Defend and make my loving children thine ;
That we, when death's tremendous shafts are hurled,
May meet together in a better world :
Grant this, through Him, who nobly died, that we
Might live an endless life, and live with thee."

He ceased and rising from the clay-cold floor,
Where he had knelt ten thousand times before ;
The ground was hollowed by descending tears,
And constant kneeling through a course of years ;
The good man faithful to his better half,
Lay by her side upon a bed of chaff,
Nor envied kings, but sunk in sleep profound,
While angels watch'd the virtuous cottage round.
At length the morn o'er eastern hills display'd
Her crimson blushes, like a bashful maid ;
The sun uprising from the ocean, soon
Confronted windows, that the radiant moon
Had late transformed to silver as she roll'd,
And quickly turn'd them into flaming gold.

Now, dame LLEWELYN from her bed arose,
But strictly mindful of her son's repose,
Observed his features as she slowly drest,
Lest some rash movement might disturb his rest ;
Then gently stealing from her chamber, broke
Dark embers, quickning the reluctant smoke ;
With wonted patience and exertion joined,
Augmented fuel, and created wind ;
A fire that brighten'd all the house she made,
And the filled kettle on it's top displayed ;
The floor she swept, and nicely sanded o'er,
Then placed the fender as it stood before.
The cricket chirp't beneath the fiery grate,
And Edwin wakened as the clock struck eight ;
He rose, and followed by his aged sire,
And each arrayed him in his best attire ;
Soon as the latter from the chamber came,
He bade good morning to the smiling dame ;
" How have you rested through the night," she cried,
" Extremely well," her grateful son replied :
" The feather bed you caused me to accept,
Proved a reviving blessing—and I slept
More tranquil far than on the raging main,
For there I sought substantial rest in vain ;
Because a ruthless elemental strife,
Disordered both my children and my wife ;
To wait on them demanded all my care,
As I had learned in early life to bear
The agitation of a ship ; but still
I grieved to see my tender partners ill." ;
" True," cried LLEWELYN, " but you need no more
Re-cross th' Atlantic to that ample shore,
Whose bounds detained you from our sight so long,
Bounds, to which numbers from this country throng ;
What are thy notions of that wondrous place,
That boasts already of a warlike race,

Are they not likely on some future day,
To launch their thunders o'er the watery way,
Sweep trembling ocean with a conquering fleet,
And crush Britannia's crown beneath their feet?"

"None," answered Edwin, "but the gifted few
Can pierce the future with prophetic view,
Of things that are, we may opinion give,
And while our Arts the United States receive;
They well may thrive, as infant minds improve,
That still derive maternal care and love;
So, from the mother-country day by day,
Refinement hastens o'er th' Atlantic way,
Thither, the wind transmits our various plans,
Our best Projectors and our Artizans;
If rivalry Britannia there has found,
It was herself that gave the power to wound;
But who can tell what discord yet awaits,
The future tenants of the United States?
Civil commotions and domestic broils,
Fierce wars, with all their sequences and toils,
May yet pervade that mighty continent,
Till all its unions are asunder rent!
Interest, and mad ambition—direful things—
May yet give rise to many rival kings;
Taxation there, would grow as wars prevail,
Each science flag, and commerce furl her sail;
Then warring Princes, in their turns would fall,
Till the most potent victor governed all;
For human pride is ever on the wing,
And Israel murmur'd till it found a king;
But should the Americans united keep,
And launch resistless navies o'er the deep,
Defeat our squadrons and their forces land,
Then wrest the sceptre from Britannia's hand,

It is not probable that sovereign powers,
Would let their banners rest on British towers,
For potentates detest a commonwealth,
As a contagion's loathed by men in health ;
And lest that system should through Europe grow,
Each neighbouring monarch would become its foe,
And keep, of course, the mighty hydra down,
Whose breath dissolves the sceptre and the crown."

Good Edwin ended his opinion here,
And all betook them to their morning cheer ;
Coffee, that mends the intellectual part,
And gives a lively motion to the heart ;
With toast, et cetera, formed their early meal,
Which hands maternal were observed to deal ;
Soon as the whole had finished their repast,
A thought recurred to Edwin's mind at last,
To read a journal which he snatch'd unread,
When from his consort to his sire he sped ;
There noticed marked as for immediate sale,
A spacious mansion in Caernarvon vale,
For that fam'd quarter to depart with speed,
He stood prepared, when Owen brought his steed.
"Farewell," he uttered with a gracious smile,
"I'm doomed to leave you for a little while ;"
With that, he sprung exulting on his horse,
And for the neighbouring borough bent his course,
Gay larks, now pois'd on tow'ring wings on high,
Sweet notes diffusing to the earth and sky ;
The short piped miners to their labour sped,
While sunbeams danced on glittering ore of lead ;
Wild mint with fragrance scented all the breeze,
And nodding flowerets beckoned to the bees ;
The black-bird whistled on the blossomed thorn,
And all things gloried in so fine a morn ;

On, Edwin hastened till his longing eyes,
Caught Arvon Castle, of stupendous size,
Which structure wakened in his feeling mind
Stern Edward's deeds, the scourge of human kind,
How he to Cambria all his legions drew,
Defaced her beauties, and her minstrels slew ;
And how that tyrant, anxious to beguile,
Sent forth his queen to that illustrious pile,
To bring her first-born son into the world.
His son, ill-fated, from his throne was hurled ;
Thrown into prison by a factious band,
Caernarvon groan'd beneath the murderer's hand !

By this time Edwin in the town arrived,
Where scenes forgotten in his soul revived ;
Urged by the object that engaged his thought,
He quickly found the agent whom he sought ;
With him he hastened o'er the neighbouring land,
And viewed a mansion furnished to his hand,
Whose lord, erewhile, had died without an heir,
Two trusty servants still were guarding there ;
Th' estate adjoining and the splendid hall
Soon Edwin purchased, and agreed for all ;
And, now to seek the comforts of his life,
His lovely children and his faithful wife,
He sped, with leisure to reflect at last,
On the romantic scenery as he past ;
Above, o'erhanging precipices frowned,
Waves rolled below, and herds the mountain crowned.
" Dear native place," cried Edwin, good and brave,
" Dear native place," cried Echo, from her cave.
The herd looked down, attracted by the voice,
And seemed with the rejoicer to rejoice ;
Alternate Edwin sighed, or deigned to smile,
While contemplating every gate and stile ;

Well pleased, he saw each grand improvement made,
But grieved to see his favourite oak decayed,
From whose extended branches oft he'd swung,
While yet a schoolboy, thoughtless, gay, and young;
But when he passed the long remembered mill,
Whose walls were mouldering, and whose works were still,
A strange sensation was he doomed to feel,
To see dark ivy clasp the broken wheel!
"Ah! who," said he, for to himself he spoke,
"Can years departed like a dream revoke?
What can resist the conquering hand of time?
Ere I adventurous sought a foreign clime,
That wheel was new, this pool a mirror shone,
Now one's decayed, and one with weeds o'ergrown;
No more yon current shines like silvered glass,
But weeping glides beneath th' entangled grass!
Here oft with young associates have I stood,
And launch'd a paper navy o'er the flood;
I little thought at that unripened age,
That I must foes in mightier ships engage;
Those dear companions of my tender youth,
Who with me trod the flowery path of truth,
Where are they gone?" he cried, in louder tone,
Still hollow rocks replied, "Where are they gone?"

Old Bangor ferry Edwin reached at last,
And safely o'er it with his steed he past,
Trod Mona's Isle, where ancient bards their flights
Essay'd, and druids breath'd their mystic rites.
Still meditating on these scenes he sped,
And soon embraced his wife at Holyhead.
Awhile he rested, then despatch'd his store
To his new dwelling on the neighbouring shore;
Himself, his consort, and his children fair,
Next hastened thither in a coach and pair.

Assembled thousands, who had heard the name
Of that far land from whence the strangers came,
Round Arvon House awaited their approach,
And viewed the children handed from the coach,
Survey'd their form, their features, hands and nails,
Then whispered thus, "Who can believe the tales
That treat of Yankees as of monstrous things,
Why, surely these resemble human beings!"

But the black footman they admired the most,
For sable tribes had never reach'd that coast;
His teeth and skin alternate they compare,
And gaze to see the mighty contrast there!
One bolder stripling touched his hand, to try
If his therefrom imbibed a deeper dye;
While simple dames, who Sambo's form surveyed,
Exclaimed, "What things for money now are made!"
Soon as the joyful tidings spread around
That old LLEWELYN'S son again was found,
And how from dark obscurity he'd sprung,
Illuminations glared and bells were rung;
Meanwhile kind Edwin, with a generous call,
The poor invited to the stately hall,
Where they for once, in all their lives, at least,
Were made partakers of a glorious feast;
Care thought to triumph in that festive place,
But mirth soon ended her destructive gaze,
While melancholy to her lips applied
The brimming glass, and as she tasted—died!
Now tuneful Howell, not unknown to fame,
To give the crowd harmonious numbers, came;
He fixt his harp, adjusted every string,
Drunk health to Edwin, and prepared to sing;
Of bold heroic lays he made a choice,
And played the whole, accompanied by his voice;

He sung, "Th' invasion by the Roman host,
Their warm reception on the British coast ;"
He sung, "Caractacus in arms renowned,
And his conveyance to Augustus, bound ;"
He sung, "Prince Arthur of unequalled might,
Whom scarce Achilles could transcend in fight ;"
He sung of Saxons, Normans, and of Danes,
And unarmed Britons stabbed on Salisbury plains ;
This last disaster moistened every eye,
But prompt each source of gushing tears to dry,
The subtle minstrel changed his moving strain,
And sung the pleasures of the rural reign ;
Then, lest some portion should remain of care,
The bard concluded with a sprightly air ;
When all had done their little jubilee,
They sought their dwellings with protracted glee.
As bees, the scorers of inactive lives,
Bear sweets extracted to their various hives,
So these the remnant of their feast convey'd,
And future dinners on their shelves were laid.

Now, the good Vicar of the parish came,
'Twas he who gave LLEWELYN's son a name ;
Plain were his robes, his locks were thin and white,
And glasses aided his declining sight ;
The hall he entered, where he stood surprised
To see its owner, whom he once baptised ;
But Edwin made him welcome to the place,
And loud exprest his joy to see his face ;
Told all his travels o'er, and when he'd done,
Led out his two young daughters and his son.
"God bless you, children," said the good old man,
And laid his withered hands on every one ;
Deep blushed the youngsters as he stroked their heads,
Like morning skies when crimson hue o'erspreads.

And not alone this reverend guide appeared,
But crowds advanced who Edwin's race revered ;
Wynn, Lloyd, and Mostyn, and a number more,
Dear to old Cambria and to sacred lore,
Knights, whose forefathers fought in freedom's cause,
Or nobly died to crush despotic laws ;
All came to greet their countryman, who sprung
From the last prince that spoke the British tongue ;
At length kind Edwin from their cot conveyed
His parents, each in costly robes arrayed ;
Whose faces, rescued from corroding tears,
Look'd fresh, and younger by a dozen years ;
Soon as th' unfolded gates of Arvon House
Received LLEWELYN and his faithful spouse,
The lovely girls, their mother, and her boy,
Whose bosoms knew but innocence and joy ;
The aged pair with salutations hailed,
And mirth unbounded through the hall prevailed.
Thus old LLEWELYN's persevering son
Decreed his parents' future course to run ;
On them each blessing that his wealth could raise
He poured, to sweeten their declining days ;
His sister next, and her deserving mate,
He rescued from the iron grasp of fate ;
And prompt to shield them from succeeding harm,
He placed them snugly on a neighbouring farm ;
Rent-free they lived on their extensive lands,
Compelled no more to labour with their hands ;
For hired servants managed their affairs,
And smiling fortune banished all their cares.
When Edwin thus had gained his virtuous ends,
And settled all things for himself and friends,
Through wider spheres his generous actions turned,
To soothe distress and succour all that mourn'd ;
And as the Nile enriches all the land,
So blessings scattered from his liberal hand ;

He loved each science, and he dragged to light
Unfriended merit from the shades of night ;
And while his fame ennobled every lyre,
Him candour titled the benevolent squire.
Thus, long he prospered on his native shore,
Loved by the people—by his Maker more !



CONWAY.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER THE ERECTION OF THE STUPENDOUS
BRITANNIA AND CONWAY TUBULAR BRIDGES.

My early Patron, Monitor, and Friend,
'Tis thine to shield lone merit and defend;
Thou, too, canst boast an intellectual ray,
Which not the world can give or snatch away;
Once more with patience, and with fond regard,
Vouchsafe to listen to the Cambrian Bard,
Who now delights upon his native shore,
The wondrous scenes of Conway to explore;
Enchanting prospects all around are seen,
And objects worthy of a British Queen.

Old Conway, hail! thy Citadel and Towers
Once bade defiance to invading powers,
But now, methinks, I hear thy Castle groan,
And thus despairing—in lamenting tone:
“Alas! my glory has departed quite!
None now behold me with admiring sight!
Through ages past I've stood, with high renown,
The mighty wonder of this guarded town,
But now my honours in the shade are thrown,
For hardened metal in the place of stone

Is daily used. Behold yon Bridges stand
Like fabrics raised by a Magician's wand!
O'er Conway's flood they stretch their iron length,
And how stupendous in their bulk and strength!
To them spectators turn with wondering eyes,
And all my age and antique walls despise!
Distinguished persons who have roam'd this way,
With haughty triumph have been heard to say,
'Seven wonders graced the astonish'd world of yore,
But now the eighth, upon the Cambrian shore,
Wakes our amazement—throws into the shade
Such marvellous structures as of old were made.
Long had the Pyramids on Egypt's plain,
The huge Colossus, and Diana's fane,
Claim'd lays immortal, glorious, and sublime;
But Conway Bridge, the work of modern time,
A nobler share of admiration draws,
And crowns its founders with a world's applause.' ”

Let us examine these stupendous piles,
On which the Genius of Britannia smiles:
What grand design through either structure runs,
Each boasts a weight of thirteen hundred tons,
Twelve, and four hundred feet, its length appears,
And twenty-five the lofty height it bears.
But on its secret springs and inward cells
How with delight th' imagination dwells!

What strength omnipotent was found to raise
And fix these ponderous fabrics in their place?
Steam-engines, pumps, and capstans, chains and clams,
Screws, girders, beams, and strong hydraulic rams,
Are all employed to urge them to their seats,
While every heart with strange sensation beats.
More than six hundred tons each ram sustains,
And faithfully its mighty task maintains,

Soon as their ends have prest their mighty beds,
Hats fly like lightning from a thousand heads,
And shouts of triumph through all Conway run,
Loud as from victors when a battle's won.
Thus rose these structures from their huge pontoons,
Wak'd far more strange amazement than balloons.
Vast hills of iron, rising through the air,
Of length immense, and of construction square !
Now firm as rocks they frown above the flood,
Without one prop of iron, stone, or wood.
On piers attach'd to shapely towers they rest,
And each resembles a tremendous chest,
Such as Hephaestus might construct, to hold
Ten thousand misers' silver and their gold.
Or rather, like a ponderous coat of mail,
To wield which would the mightiest giant fail ;
Strong rivets fix'd through sheets metallic see,
As thick as leaves upon a vernal tree.
My countryman, ingenious Roberts' hands
Were there employed, beneath his chief's commands ;
Like Tubal Cain, a cunning artist found,
For work in iron and in brass renown'd.

Rails soon are fix'd, and the impetuous trains
Fly through huge tunnels—o'er resounding plains ;
As swift as balls from cannons' mouths they fly,
And seek a western, or an eastern sky.
Now stand these Bridges in a state complete,
And Science sees proud waves beneath her feet.

Say, Muse, who were the great Inventors here,
On whom were pour'd from the celestial sphere,
Such rays of genius? Tell their wondrous name,
And hand it down to everlasting fame,
Hail Stephenson! and Fairbairn! whose renown
Rests not within a single land or town,

But round the world on rapid pinions flies,
And soars in praise eternal to the skies.
Numerous the plans their intellectual light
Has drawn forth nobly from the shades of night,
But none could equal the stupendous scheme
That fix'd those tubes o'er Conway's mighty stream :
No power of science further could extend.
But say, what skill had Fairbairn and his friend?
One, THEORY alone to fame upheld,
And one in that and PRACTICE too excell'd.
The FIRST proposal Stephenson display'd,
And said there might a tubular bridge be made;
What form would answer best, or round or square,
Not that distinguish'd artist could declare,
But left the whole to Fairbairn's wondrous skill,
Who prompt his task important to fulfil,
Collected all his energy of mind,
And, like an Arkwright, studied and designed!
Of rising schemes rejected many a one;
But fix'd at last upon a glorious plan—
Which plan has answered—and its praise been sung
E'en by sweet Minstrels in the Cambrian tongue.
Through ancient Conway and her winding bounds
The harp harmonious to its praise resounds.
Who would have thought, a hundred years ago,
That Conway river was decreed to flow
Beneath huge tunnels of tremendous weight,
That serve the purpose of the good and great?
Eternal monuments on Cambrian land,
To their constructors shall these Bridges stand.
'Tis said that Neptune and his Tritons came
And sounded loud th' immortal trump of fame;
The mist dispersed—the awful god admired,
Smote his imperial bosom and retir'd;
Thrice with amaze he shook his reverend head,
And while his chariot trembled, thus he said:—

“What great inventions to mankind are given !
How highly favoured by indulgent Heaven !
Soon will they rival in their proud abodes
The mighty labours of the Olympian gods !
In vain my watery empire swells its tides,
And land from land, in vain, my power divides !
Stupendous Bridges have been made to cross
My noblest rivers in their rapid course ;
Vast tunnels form'd of iron—not of stone—
Bear numerous chariots swifter than my own.
Nor here Invention shall her power suspend,
But push still forward to a nobler end ;
Soon Menai Straits, that spread their arms so wide,
Beneath such Bridges shall behold its tide.
And should proud Science still her light increase,
More human wonders will appear than these ;
A Bridge, perchance, ere hundred years have fled,
May to Hibernia reach from Holyhead.”
Thus with a smile the god of ocean spoke,
As if inclining at that hour to joke.

Here let us finish our descriptive verse,
And hang a wreath of cypress on thy hearse,
Lamented Stephenson ! thy work is nobly done ;
And shall no eye behold thee in thy son ?
Yes, Heaven thy talents to thine offspring gave,
While thou sank'st calmly to the silent grave.
Britannia's Genius o'er thy sacred urn
Shall long in union with Affection mourn ;
With Watt and Arkwright shall thy memory live,
And bright example to admirers give.

HORRORS OF WAR.

O FOR the voice of that celestial train,
That once o'er Bethlehem's wide extended plain
Sung peace to man, and God's unbounded love
Displayed in Christ descending from above!
And must that glorious advent prove in vain?
Do erring mortals no advantage gain
From the appearance of our Lord on earth?
Has He commanded that we issue forth
Like demons, mingling in eternal strife?
Ah, no! exclaims the sacred page of life,
For milder doctrine the Redeemer taught,—
That peace and concord breathed from every thought.
E'en on the mount, the temple of His choice,
How gracious sounded His benevolent voice!
Yes, sweeter far than ever angels sung,
These benedictions issued from His tongue :—
“Blest are the meek,” of unassuming worth,
They shall inherit the prolific earth;
“Blest are the merciful,” that feeling train
Shall boundless mercy, in their turn, obtain;
“Blest are the makers of enduring peace,”
God's noblest children may be found in these,
If so, proud rulers, say whose children are
Relentless makers of destructive war?
For O, 'tis sad, 'tis horrid to behold
Men, e'en supporters of that sacred fold,
Trampling on laws divine, and nature's laws,
Shedding each others blood without a cause!

Now mad ambition and vain-glorious ire
To war the bosoms of proud monarchs fire,
While courtly minions, by vile interest sway'd,
Their royal masters flatter and persuade
To run the course their inclinations lead,
That hosts for them were only born to bleed!
"Kings cannot err," these parasites exclaim,
And urge them on, through gory seas, to fame.
Now drums and trumpets sound the loud alarms,
And the deluded nations rush to arms;
Whole legions hasten from their native shore
To slaughter men they never saw before.
And now, without a shadow of offence,
The work of darkness and of death commence.
Both horse and foot tumultuous hosts appear
And mix in dreadful battle, void of fear—
Versed to exhibit a contempt of fate—
And smile, O death, at thy unfolded gate!
Thus, countless thousands while destruction spreads,
"With all their imperfections on their heads,"
In health, and manhood's hardy prime, are hurl'd
O'er the dread bound'ries of th' eternal world.
O, how the angels weep to see the hosts
Of wretched, wandering, melancholy ghosts!
Still mighty Discord in her course proceeds;
Still glory urges and the battle bleeds.
The Prince of Air, suspended on the wing,
Thus loud extols each war-creating king:—
"All hail! my dearest, my illustrious sons,
You well deserve your sabres and your guns;
I view your great achievements with delight;
Not demons raging in eternal night
Are half so worthy of my praise as you.
Proceed, my sons, your glorious task pursue—
Dispeople earth, and its Creator then
Must cause to spring another race of men.

You've all things needful for destruction's work,
And proper hearts within your bosoms lurk ;
Strong nitre, sulphur, cannon, sword and fire,
And whatsoe'er ambitious souls require,
You boast : then nothing should impede your aims,
Obstruct your progress, or retard your flames.
Once more I therefore charge you, persevere !
And when departing from this earthly sphere
You shall, my sons, eternal berths obtain
Within the limits of my warm domain !”

Now let us cast a retrospective view
At civil wars that once Britannia knew ;
When rival knaves of Lancaster and York
Call'd guiltless myriads to destruction's work ;—
Or when stern Cromwell held supreme command,
What gory rivers glided through the land !
In place of fields with smiling harvests crown'd,
Were nought but famine and destruction found ;
Sons against sires, and sires against their sons,
And brothers slaughter'd by their brothers' guns,—
A war of kindred—O, inhuman sight !—
Conceal it, Fate, in everlasting night.
But are not those who civil strife maintain,
The vile descendants of the murderer Cain ?
Ye brutal tribes that graze the flowery field,
Ah, ne'er to man as your superior yield
While such degeneracy on earth is found—
Such want of feeling and of sense profound.
Nor was that dreadful struggle milder far—
That long, expensive, transatlantic war ;
What sums of money and what seas of gore
Were spent, or wasted, to subdue that shore ;
Then, after years of fruitless toil were past,
Unconquered stood Britannia's foes at last !

Who does not shudder at the mad career
Of Ruin's late bold champion, Robespierre ?
Ah, what availed the human face divine,
Or hearts devoted to Religion's shrine,
Or Beauty pleading with dejected mien,
Opposed to that fell tyrant's guillotine;
But he, the fate he doomed to others, found,
Else France had groaned beneath a deeper wound ;
For Vengeance rose and pushed him to the grave,
And Time to infamy his memory gave.
Contrast this man with virtuous Socrates ;
One carnage loved, one wisdom, life, and peace.
With murderers ever shall the former blend,
The latter shine as man's eternal friend.
'Twere nobler thus to bear a spotless name
Than to be "damned to everlasting fame!"
Yet chiefs there are of proud aspiring mind
Who, but to rise, would murder half mankind.
Behold Napoleon with ambition burn,
And all restraint with indignation spurn !
The Alps he scaled (as when the tempter sprung
O'er Eden's boundary) and destruction flung,
From slaughtering engines, o'er Italian plains,
And thus, through blood, an early wreath he gains.
But who could measure all the gore he shed,
When hosts against strong neighbouring hosts he led ?
What countless numbers prest the fatal ground,
Or in "the Danube's bloody whirlpool drowned ;
Kings were his playthings, and his toys their crowns :"
They fell from temples at his awful frowns !
Now see him thirst for universal sway,
With half of Europe's veterans in his pay :
Four hundred thousand warriors round him trod—
A host invincible—himself a god !
Thus proud he marches strange dominions o'er,
Conducting thousands to return no more.

Winter approaches as he hastens forth,
And all the dreadful terrors of the North
At once assailed him and his mighty host ;
And O, what numbers were untimely lost
In Berezina's unrelenting waves,
From whence no arm a single victim saves !
Plunged in the flood were hosts of soldiers' wives,
All prompt to save their little childrens' lives,
For, while emerging from the light of day,
Their infants high maternal hands display ;
And now their limbs are frozen stiff with cold,
Still, o'er their heads, their sacred charge they hold ;
Yea, in this suppliant state they yield their breath,
Their arms, their babes, uplifted after death !
Now crowds dejected in extended ranks
Desponding stood upon the river's banks,
While waggons, carriages, and ponderous guns,
Rushed down, and swept these poor Misfortune's sons
To the tremendous gulph with lightning's speed,
While not a driver checked his fiery steed ;
All plunged into the flood, to rise no more,
With the sad victims they impell'd before.
Thus human masses in the waters lay,
O'er whom the living forced their desperate way.
The drowning wretches groaned their feet beneath,
And with their nails assailed them and their teeth,
While their oppressors, with relentless blows
And stabs, maltreat their dying friends as foes !

Such are the horrors of inhuman wars ;
From scenes like these are titles, wealth, and stars,
In place of halters, to proud tyrants given.
O cursed abusers of the laws of Heaven !
How long, without dread vengeance from on high,
Will you destroy mankind, and God defy ?

Still onward Gallia's mighty Despot goes,
And leads his legions through a world of snows,
Where they no laurels for their brows acquire,
Nought see but prospects, and the towns on fire ;
Frozen to stone were hosts of warriors found,
Both steeds and riders lifeless strew the ground,
While desperate Cossacks in close ambush lay,
And, like fell tigers, dart upon their prey ;
Battles ensue, huge cannon loudly roar,
And snows are reddened by diffusing gore ;
To showering balls succeed destructive shells,
That, like black demons from their brazen hells,
Dart through the air, then fiercely plunging down,
Breathe wild dismay and ruin through the town.
'Tis surely charming when a leader sees
These hollow curses strike the abodes of peace,
Destroying there whole families at once,
E'en unoffending worth and innocence.
Still showers metallic from huge cannon fly,
Which Russians, rather than to shun, would die.
See nitrous stores explode among the crowds,
And magazines uplifted to the clouds.
What precious lives untimely ended there !
What human limbs were scattered through the air !
While lead and steel with warriors strew the way,
That fall like grass beneath the mower's sway.
Ah, why are things from earth's dark womb conveyed
To tear that flesh which the Almighty made ?
He formed our bodies for his sacred fanes,
And not to bleed inglorious on the plains.

Still forward march, with persevering pace,
Those stern invaders of a Northern race.
At length through showers of iron, lead, and snow,
O'er dangerous rivers and through scenes of woe,

They reach their destination :—Moscow stands ;
But there Napoleon and his martial bands
Find nought to cheer them, or enhance renown ;
With grief they witness a deserted town.
At winter quarters, there, in vain he aims,
His hopes are vanquished by devouring flames ;
Thus raging elements his schemes defeat,
And now he ponders on a grand retreat,
Leaves all his troops to fortune or to chance,
And back he rushes to the bounds of France.
Murat conducts his legions from the North,
While all the ills of life now issue forth
Against those hapless warriors ; as they go
Some fall exhausted in a waste of snow,
While heavy waggons, that the gloom conceals,
These wretches crush to powder with their wheels,
While crowds desponding with starvation pine,
Their lives, in anguish and despair, resign.
Some freeze upright, as they attempt to move,
And thus their own sad monuments they prove.
Some plunge in lakes—some into snowpits fall,
And death's dark mantle overshades them all !
Poor men ! thus urged by warring kings to roam,
And die of want a thousand leagues from home.
Whene'er a drooping steed exhausted fell,
A famished crowd, with a tremendous yell,
Flew to the carcase, tore it limb from limb,
And thus, with looks terrific, fierce, and grim,
Devoured the flesh and quaffed the reeking gore ;
Then, wildly gazing round them, craved for more !
The freezing atmosphere, severely cold,
Breathed deaths around most dreadful to behold ;
E'en birds, that suffer'd by an air so keen,
Descending lifeless from on high were seen.
Still onward veterans with dejection steer'd,
While icicles were hung from every beard ;

Hands froze to muskets that upheld the same,
And falling snow, that drench'd the human frame,
Congeal'd the shirts desponding wretches wore,
While numbers sat that could proceed no more,
Looked with despair upon descending snow,
And stayed to perish in a scene of woe!
Self-preservation now prevailed around ;
No helping hand exhausted warriors found,
So all that fell by a relentless doom,
In depth of snow, unheeded, found a tomb.
See numerous captives with their guards advance,
All basely murder'd by the sons of France,
While their own wounded are consign'd to foes,
And, thrown in ditches, their existence close ;
From countless ills they sink to endless rest,
And winter wraps them in his snowy vest.
Now, crowds no longer their sad chiefs obey,
From the main body of the army stray,
Fall into Russian hands, that strip them bare,
And leave them on the roads to perish there ;
Then loudly laugh, deriding all their woe,
As their existence ended in the snow !

But here, alas ! the sympathising muse
Laments o'er wretches whom the fates abuse ;
Reluctant she the ills of war records.
Suffice that, 'scaping from destructive swords,
The meagre remnant of Napoleon's bands
Return, like spectres, to their native lands.
Poor Human Nature, how reduced art thou !
Here dignity is chased from every brow.
O, eurst Ambition, thou relentless Turk,
'These are thy dupes, and this thy hellish work ;
Here now no longer with delight we scan
God's image printed on the face of man !

At length that Despot, who deserved his fate,
Is borne in triumph to an exiled state,*
Whose bonds not long his fiery soul restrain'd—
He broke them—vanquished—and his throne regain'd!
Once more dread Moloch of destructive war
Mounts with grim visage his destructive car,
Calls up the furies, and with savage glee
Exclaims: "Napoleon, our delight, is free!
Come forth, my favourite, and resume thy toil—
Cause more red torrents to enrich the soil—
Spread further carnage and destruction round,
For not yet satiate is the thirsty ground!"
This said, the tyrant with his legions flew
And shook the nations with a Waterloo,
On which, minutely, I forbear to dwell—
Enough that thousands in the carnage fell.
'Twas truly horrid to behold poor men
Who ne'er had seen each other's face till then,
With bayonets, guns, and swords severely keen,
At once create a most tremendous scene;
And thus, because two mortals disagree'd,
Offenceless myriads are condemned to bleed.
Three days they fought, three days creating tears,
And hurrying widows to untimely biers.
Three days (how awful!) were employed to break
Sad parents' hearts, and numerous orphans make.
Is it true glory when a desperate foe
Cuts off a head with a resistless blow,
To see the trunk its bloody seat retain,
And, headless, ride along the fatal plain,
While from the neck's tremendous arteries rise
Warm gory fountains spouting to the skies?
'Tis scarce less horrid to behold the dead
That fall by steel or unresisted lead,

* To the Isle of Elba.

All mangled, strew the field's extended bounds,
And hear men groan with agonizing wounds.
Some crave for water—but they crave in vain—
While trampling horses crush them on the plain :
Then hosts retreating leave their comrades there
For wolves to feed on, or the fowls of air !

Such is the glory that results from strife—
Death's feast and triumph over human life !
Are there not ills that daily meet our eyes—
Yea, numerous ills that of themselves arise—
Enough to bend each mortal as he goes,
Without creating artificial woes ?
O that all subjects would to wisdom lean,
And clearly see what selfish tyrants mean,
Then they no more would act as hired slaves,
Nor lose existence in defence of knaves !
But Discord ends—the great Napoleon yields,
And quits the last of his destructive fields.
He groans a captive, and is banished far*
From all his grandeur and his bolts of war ;
Now hostile thunders through the nations cease,
And round prevails a universal peace.

Hail, Peace celestial, man's eternal friend,
With thee my song began—with thee shall end :
Thou art the pride of thy illustrious sons,
The foe of discord and relentless guns ;
Where'er thou tread'st glad nature smiles around,
And all things needful through the land abound :
Thou bid'st no realm with ponderous taxes groan,
Nor throw'st a debt on millions not their own ;
All trades and commerce flourish at thy smile ;
Thou lift'st on high the long-neglected pile ;

* To St. Helena.

Each art and science in thy sight revive,
And the hush'd harp once more is found alive;
Thou wert proclaimed at the Redeemer's birth,
And then bequeath'd as he return'd from earth !
Long may'st thou reign with our illustrious Queen,
And ever shed a glorious ray serene
On all her ways, her disposition guide,
Nor turn indignant from her throne aside ;
Then when she soars from this terrestrial state,
May'st thou conduct her through the heavenly gate
Where millions dwell who loved thee here below,
Imbibing then a pure seraphic glow !



THE POWER OF LOVE.

ONE morn,—a hermit stood before his door,
Inhaling health, arising from the moor;
While smiling nature, most divinely fair,
Drew forth his warmest gratitude in prayer,
On the swift wings of thankfulness and love
Soar'd up his orisons to the throne above.
Bright Sol had risen like a wheel of fire,
And every passing moment urged him higher.
The humming bees their busy rounds begun,
And larks declared their gladness to the sun;
Sweet buttercups display'd their golden hue,
And heather waved its blossom, tip't with dew.

Two strangers, now, approach'd the hermit's cell,
A female, one, the lovely Isabel;
There, the secluded man with joy they find
Perusing books congenial to his mind.
“Hail! highly favour'd of thy Maker, thou,”
Cried Theodore, with gladness on his brow:
“Excuse th' intrusion which we cause this day,
We merely took this dwelling in our way;
And, hearing much of thee, and of thy fame,
As uninvited visitors we came.”

“My fame,” said Alfred, “is but small indeed,
I write not much, at present, though I read;
Erewhile, 'tis true, I fondly sought the muse,
But the false world, with slanders and abuse,
Has made me look on all things with disgust,
And quit base mortals whom I dare not trust.”
“I'm truly sorry,” Theodore replied,
“That social comforts are to thee denied;
Hast thou not one substantial friend on earth
Who can appreciate thy rising worth?”

“I’d once a friend,” cried Alfred, “but he’s gone
With his young sister, to the torrid zone ;
Their parents took them fourteen years ago,
But of their fate I nothing more could know.
They were my cousins—and th’ aspiring youth
E’er sought the paths of virtue and of truth ;
I loved him well (’tis all frail mortals can),
Not pious David cleaved to Jonathan
With more fidelity than I adhered
To that loved stripling whom my soul revered.
O, friendship! born in heaven, and sent on earth
To sweeten human life ! few know thy worth
Until thy ties are broken here below :
Why first delight, then plunge us into woe ;
Not that great leader, sad Achilles, shed
More tears of sorrow o’er Patroclus dead,
Than those these eyes discharged when Theodore
Sail’d to far India, to return no more !”
“Return no more !” the stranger loud replied,
“Behold us, now, this moment, at thy side ;
Once more we come, young, sprightly, and in health,
And blest by fortune with a store of wealth.”

Now, fond congratulations pass between
These virtuous three—’twas an affecting scene !
Like that, when pious Lazarus was restored
To life, and friends, by our redeeming Lord !
Refreshment now the rage of hunger quells
And Alfred thus his wond’rous story tells—
“My parents died, and left a small estate
Which seem’d to me and to my sister great :
It would have kept us grandly every day,
Had not base villains labour’d to betray ;
False friends, and flatterers, to my dwelling came
To work their purpose, with insidious aim.

Dissimulation was their chiefest plan—
Alas! what pity that aspiring man
By arts perfidious should acquire esteem,
And are not those, who prove not what they seem
Like inland lakes, which smooth their faces keep.
Are ever dangerous, and are ever deep;
But to our tale—these vile dissembling knaves
(The most of whom are mouldering in their graves,)
With cards and dice, progressive, coax'd me on,
Till I at last was ruin'd and undone :
At length, my faithless agent disappears
With rents of all my tenants—half a year's;
Another rogue, for whom I gave my bail
To save him from the horrors of a jail,
Decamp'd across the wide Atlantic flood,
And left me here to struggle as I would :
Now, to crown all, notorious 'Squire Lewd,
Who through the land his lustful course pursued ;
Beheld my sister, our accomplish'd Anne,
And lo! the wretch, assisted by his man,
Snatch'd up—and placed her, screaming, in his coach,
But, ere that fiend his castle could approach,
I overtook him on my fiery steed,
And bade the tyrant either stand or bleed.
We fought—my ball indignant pierced his arm,
While I, unconscious of the slightest harm
Walk'd from the field—snatched Anna from her foe
With fame as stainless as the virgin snow.
Now, with a lady, consort of a lord,
'Tis her's to live, associate, and to board :
To train the children, and to govern all
The female servants in the spacious hall.
And now, to answer every just demand,
I mortgaged all my dwellings and my land ;
Took to this hermitage—and here I'll stay
And mortify this pamper'd house of clay ;

The world I have renounced—" Ah, say no more,"
Exclaim'd his friend, the noble Theodore;
" I've ample means to make thee happy yet,
Rouse ! and th' abuses of the world forget !
See fortune smiling with auspicious ray,
That soon shall chase thy gloom of soul away ;
When my lov'd parents sought celestial bounds,
'Twas mine to claim four hundred thousand pounds,
With which, for England I recross'd the sea,
And drawn by strong attraction flew to thee.
My history through I'll tell some future day,
Now, come my friend, my brother, come away ;
Resign, this gloomy, solitary place,
To some severer hater of our race."

" No ! " Alfred cried, " I'll serve my Maker here,
Whose son for me has suffer'd pangs severe !
Whole nights 'twas his, in dreary scenes to fast,
While birds and beasts were shelter'd from the blast ;
Betray'd at length, how was our Lord accused,
Spit on ;—blindfolded, smitten, and abused,
Conveyed to Pilate—robed—and crown'd with thorn,
Hail'd, as the Sovereign of the Jews, in scorn !
At last, without a single fault, decreed
To bear his cross—then on that cross to bleed :
To the hard wood his hands and feet were nail'd,
While soldiers pierced him, and the wicked rail'd.
For me, he bow'd e'en to the victor grim,
What, in return, should I not do for him ?
What though his followers suffer'd for his sake,
And scorn'd alike the dungeon and the stake.
Brave souls ! who counted life but worldly dross,
That they might win the Saviour and his cross ;
Behold those worthies with their gospel, found
In deserts wild, or caverns underground ;

See them pursued and slaughter'd every day,
And hunted down like savage beasts of prey :
Men, who for truth have suffer'd every pain,
Whom not the world was worthy to retain !
Should I not, therefore, imitate their ways,
And consecrate to God my early days ?
I will ! O let me (though I'm here despised)
In nothing glory but the cross of Christ,
By which the world to me is crucified,
And I unto the world with all its pride !
I love thee, much, my faithful Theodore,
But I regard my own salvation more ;
I might in pomp and splendour live with thee,
But what advantage would it prove to me
If I the world could win to my control,
Then lose for ever my immortal soul ?
No ! not one furlong from this cell I go,
But here, these locks shall catch their winter snow !
Yea, death himself, shall find me in this place,
And closely wrap me in his cold embrace ! ”

With that, a flood of sorrow dew'd their eyes,
And thus the beauteous Isabella cries—
“ Ah, then, dear cousin ! we behold thee lost,
Or, but a taper in a tomb at most ;
Give not this cell thy intellectual light,
Nor longer thus thy talents veil in night ;
Let the dark cover from thy rays be hurl'd,
And burst in splendour on a gazing world ;
O, let once more the public hear thee sing,
The muse shall fan thine embers with her wing ;
Entomb'd alive, we find thee in this shed,
And art to all, though in existence, dead !
What could'st thou do, should sickness meet thee here ?
Thou hast no friend at haud—no consort dear !

None, save thy dog and parrot : could they give
That tender soothing help, and bid thee live ?
What could'st thou do in thy declining life
Without a son, a daughter, or a wife ;
And should'st thou die thus lonely—who would know ?
Thy faithful Tray could with no tidings go ;
'Tis true, thy bird can fly, and loudly prate,
Still, its rude speech would ill declare thy fate.”
The hermit smiled—the maiden pres't his hand,
But I, alas ! no language can command
To tell how quick th' electric touch convey'd
The flame to Alfred's bosom from the maid ;
Through all his veins the fire ethereal flies,
And Alfred turns from Isabella's eyes ;
But soon re-views the object of his pain,
“ And sighs, and looks, and looks, and sighs again.”
Now, see a victory o'er the hermit soon,
And all his powers of opposition done ;
Devotion's self, that heavenward late could spring,
Is now suppress't by cunning Cupid's wing ;
Alfred, no more to kind entreaties cold,
But warm'd by love, reluctant quits his hold
Of the old hermitage—so rush away
The ice from hills that feel the solar ray.

Now, arm in arm, towards a neighbouring inn
The three repair, with bosoms warm within :
Rejoicing they their destination reach,
Where a grand livery-servant waits on each.
Now, Theodore a costly meal ordains,
And soon the board the savoury load sustains ;
The landlord, wife, and gentry, eight or nine,
Were all invited by their friend to dine ;
When done—the wine, with many a toast, they tried,
And lurking care, beneath its influence—died !

Time pass'd away—and Bacchus laugh'd to see
Such honours paid him, and such boundless glee ;
At length they part, with many a fond good night,
Though contradicted by the morning light.

Now in th' "Imperial Wreath" our friends agree
With the kind landlord, for apartments three ;
Wherein to sleep while they remain in town,
Three rooms are found them, and three beds of down :
In a few days they settle all affairs,
And affluent Theodore to Alfred spares
Ten thousand pounds, with which he freed his land,
And made it wider on each side expand.

More near the Tweed, rent from the emerald moor,
A grand estate is bought by Theodore :
Now, Isabel becomes good Alfred's wife,
And breathes conjugal sweetness on his life :
The hermitage for him no more has charms,
True bliss now meets him in his consort's arms.
Next, Theodore th' accomplish'd Anna led
To Hymen's altar, and the nuptial bed :
For three long days the merry bells around
Were heard, with joyful voices to resound :
Harmonious, thus, congratulations cheer
These couples—happy in their loves sincere !
Like pious Isaac and Rebecca fair,
Their souls united breathed congenial air :
In them, the needy found relieving friends,
Whose fame may die not— but my story ends.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



ON TIME, &c.

How rapidly flies the swift current of time ;
How quickly it bore me from youth to my prime :
Again—unperceived, to the downhill of life
I'm wafted, alternate, thro' peace and thro' strife.
Time's stream, in its progress, ere long will convey
What's of me immortal, to worlds far away ;
And leave my cold reliques for worms to assail,
Or mix, undistinguished, with clods of the vale,
Then shall my vain dream of ambition be o'er,
And bound'ries that knew me shall know me no more.

As leaves, in mild autumn, to earth are consigned,
So wither and perish the race of mankind ;
But forests, now dreary and bare to the view,
In very short time will their honours renew ;
But when will glad summer pervade the cold tomb,
And waken its tenants to vigour and bloom ?
O Adam ! thy sentence affects every breath,
And widely spreads round the dread winter of death !

QUEEN OF THE BEES.

HAIL, youthful VICTORIA ! long prosper, bright gem,
And bloom like the dew-moisten'd rose on its stem ;
Grim Mars's red dragon has long been chained down,
And peace, with her olive, encircles thy crown :
Thou govern'st no Spaniards, nor yet Portuguese,
But industry's children, a nation of Bees !

Then sway thy mild sceptre in mercy and love,
The ingenious encourage—the worthless reprove,
For drones there are numbers that pester the hive,
Who nought can to labour or usefulness drive :
Yet, still, independent of cyphers like these,
Your Majesty, truly, is Queen of the Bees !

Look round thy wide empire, see industry smile
From bleak Caledonia to Erin's green isle ;
What ports and what cities all flourish with trade ;
What sweets to our hive o'er the main are convey'd.
Next, see Institutions, where arts do increase ;
And own that your highness is Queen of the Bees !

Now gracious VICTORIA ! in good earnest strain,
I wish thee nought worse than a long happy reign :
And should foreign wasps e'er invade us with arms,
Thy subjects around thee would muster in swarms ;
And make them repent ever crossing the seas,
To sting our most virtuous, fair Queen of the Bees !

TO AMERICA.

THOU land of the good and the free,
Of numerous transgressors as well;
For thousands escape unto thee,
More fit for the regions of hell :

Yet art thou the land of the stars,
Though none are display'd on thy breast ;
No titles arose from thy wars,
But honours the plainest and best.

Brave Washington, justly renown'd
For valour display'd in thy cause,
No pension or recompense found ;—
His pensions were only applause.

O had our great generals, thus
For England contended erewhile,
Less taxes would press upon us,
Who feel all their weight as we toil.

Then, ah ! that unbearable debt,
Which gives to Britannia a check ;
She cannot rise gloriously yet ;
A mill-stone is hung at her neck !

But thou, O New World, art exempt
From burdens of which I complain ;
Thy blessing for ages shall tempt
Griev'd millions to cross the rough main.

Thy wealth and thy commerce increase ;
Thy navy more potent becomes ;
Thy warriors would swarm like the bees,
At the sound of thy trumpets and drums.

Perchance the great Judge of the world,
In yet more degenerate times,
May cause thy dread bolts to be hurl'd
At tyrants in Europe's mild climes.

Other days, other changes, may hatch,
Reversing the systems that be ;
And Neptune his trident may snatch
From Britain—and hand it to thee !

Futurity hides in her womb
What yet thy grand fleet may perform ;
And monarchs are blind to their doom,
Till God wings his wrath on the storm !



[The following three Poems were written on the occasion of a Concert arranged for the benefit of the Author by some friends at Stalybridge.]

PROLOGUE.

As when a traveller, in the midnight hour,
Beholds the sky with gloomy aspect lower,
And while the clouds each moment darker grow,
He looks around, not knowing where to go ;
At length, the stars his longing eyes survey,
Exulting now he ventures on his way ;
So the lorn bard : 'twas his inglorious doom,
For years, to grope through adverse fortune's gloom ;
But now his friends their cheering smiles display,
And from him chase surrounding clouds away.
With joy he rises from oblivion's vale,
To hail the public, and his friends to hail ;
His patrons kind with gratitude he owns,
Nor shall their heaven-born goodness die with Jones ;
Of them he'll think while musing o'er his lyre,
Till time shall quench his intellectual fire.
No store he seeks of affluence here below,
Content with what kind labouring hands bestow.
To give the bard of Stalybridge delight
And urge his genius to a nobler flight,
To aid deserving merit in distress,
And to encourage whom the fates oppress,
For this are given a concert, not a ball,
By friends assembled in this splendid hall.*

* The Town Hall of Stalybridge.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis done! the glorious concert's at an end,
Which the discerning audience must commend;
Here sweeter music ne'er was heard before,
And every song deserved a loud encore.
Here Sunderland, queen of the tuneful art,
And Mrs. Birch displayed their vocal part;
Here Allsopp, Thomas, Matheson, and Holt,
Performed their various tasks without a fault;
Here Waddington appeared, with aspect meek,
Who made, how sweetly! the piano speak.
The overtures made every soul expand,
As forth they rushed from the harmonious band;*
Which band brave Colonel Petit kindly lent,
To grace the glorious scene to which he went;
Though not in splendid martial clothes attired,
Yet he was known to all, by all admired.
Whate'er resounded, whether songs or glees,
Were sure the audience to delight and please;
And, O! what good behaviour was displayed,
Here no disgusting shouts or noise were made;
Swayed by one quiet spirit all around,
The listening people through the hall were found.
Let none, hereafter, with malignant aim,
The sons of Stalybridge unjustly blame;
For they have shown good manners, one and all,
And for our warmest approbation call;
At which the bard and managers rejoice,
And kindly thank them with a grateful voice.
Enough that all, when cruel fates oppress,
Can well appreciate merit in distress.

* The author alludes to the band of the 50th regiment, which was most ably conducted at the concert.

THE AUTHOR'S THANKS.

Nor he whom the Samaritan conveyed
Unto an inn, from where he wounded laid,
Felt deeper gratitude within his breast,
Nor with more warmth his benefactor blest,
Than I. 'Twas mine with boundless joy to see
A persevering, dauntless, committee,
Composed of good Samaritans ; for all
Alike essayed to raise him from his fall.
The Kenyons, Bowden, Dimlow, Lang, and Swift,
And each kind Roberts gave the bard a lift ;
Then Fernley, Andrew, Harrop, Broadbent, Wilde,
And Ormston too—Apollo's favourite child ;
Next, kind Ralph Ashton comes, a friend sincere,
Who wants no praise for his exertions here ;
Th' approving glow which bids his bosom swell
He deems enough for having acted well.
Next, Marsland old, that veteran firmly true,
Deserves to mix with this distinguished few ;
Warm thanks to Platt, who ne'er his aid denied,
And Thomas Ashton, of the town of Hyde ;
And Hindley, whom mankind benevolent call,
And generous Kennedy, of Ardwick Hall ;
Nor should Charles Brierley want his share of praise,
Whose wondrous labours claim the noblest lays.
Thanks to these friends, and more, the bard returns ;
The gratitude that in his bosom burns
Shall nought extinguish but the ice of death,
And, perhaps, he'll praise them with his parting breath,
Then lay aside his harp and sink to rest,
Glad that he'd been, by the discerning, blest.

AN ADDRESS TO THE CRAMP.

VILE plague, that dwell'st in places damp,
Why make me rise and light my lamp ;
And grinning, bend, exclaim, and stamp,
 To disengage
My limbs from thee, relentless cramp,
 And quell thy rage ?

Thou might'st a labouring person spare,
And cleave to those who have no care ;
Or to some plundering rogue repair,
 When he's about
To steal,—and nail the robber there,
 Till he's found out :

Or, if thou further would'st pursue,
And torture the obnoxious crew
Who daily serve th' industrious few
 Just as they please,
Attend, and I'll inform thee who
 Thou 'dst better seize :

Seize murderers, when they mean to kill ;
And lawyers, when they forge a will,
And planters, when severe and ill
 They use their slaves ;—
Methinks I hear their wailing still
 Beyond the waves.

Seize kings, who needless wars provoke,
Involving realms in fire and smoke ;

And statesmen, who relentless talk
 'Gainst rights of man ;
And subtle landlords, when they chalk
 Down two for one.

Seize venal printers, venal bards,
And parsons, when they play at cards ;
And tailors, when they stretch their yards
 With sole intent
To cabbage :—rogues with their rewards
 Are not content.

Seize butchers, when unseen they rouse
Into their gloomy slaughter-house
Calves, heifers, oxen, sheep, or cows,
 Half dead or quite ;
Whose flesh they sell, with shameless brows,
 Next market night.

Seize grocers at their knavish tricks,
When dried sloe leaves with tea they mix ;
And with brown snuff the dust of bricks
 They slyly blend ;
And lead beneath their scales they fix,
 To cheat a friend.

Seize foreign fiddlers, worthless scum !
When to Britannia's isle they come ;
Where soon they scrape a princely sum
 By sleight of hand ;
While native bards, in sorrow dumb,
 Starve through our land.

Seize those who fain would make us merry
With some vile stuff call'd Tom and Jerry,

That, anger'd by a certain berry
From India's clime,
Despatches souls o'er Charon's ferry
Before their time.

Seize milkmen, when in corners sly
Their liquid store they multiply ;
For daily, they their cans supply
From limpid streams,
Till like the blue ethereal sky
Their liquid seems.

Seize stewards, who, without consent
Of masters, raise poor tenants' rent ;
For thus, I ween, these knaves augment
Their shining hoards,
Till they become more opulent
Than e'en their lords!

Seize consorts of that temp'rate crew,
When in the night they rise to brew ;
And 'ere the sun drinks up the dew
From orient plains,
To rivers they consign from view
The reeking grains.

Seize bakers, in their secret hour,
When they potatoes mix with flour ;
And much of spurious barm, they pour
Into their trough,
Producing something puff'd and sour
They term a loaf.

Seize resurrectionists, when they
Drag shrouded victims from the clay ;

And watchmen, who perchance survey
 Th' inhuman deed,
Secure their bribe, and walk away
 With eager speed.

Seize Crispin's sons, when they for soles
Sew pasteboard, soon to wear in holes ;
And when the rain a torrent rolls
 Along the street,
We almost wish to climb up poles
 To save our feet.

Seize drunkards, when they spend in beer
A sum that would their partners cheer,
And clothe their little children dear
 From top to toe ;
And make their humble home appear
 A heaven below.

Seize barbers, when they scrape our skin
With oyster-knives not worth a pin ;
For when blood gushes from within,
 To make it ebb,
Hat-fur is plastered on our chin,
 Or spider's web.

Seize slanderous tongues, that move too fast ;
Some honest neighbour's fame to blast ;
And preachers, who reflection cast
 On other sects,—
Explaining wrong, from first to last,
 Each sacred text.

Seize bailiffs, when they seize our store,
And misers brooding o'er their ore ;

And knaves, who sternly from their door
Lorn merit spurn :
And overseers, who leave the poor
In want to mourn.

Seize rakes, when in the church they look
More on some nymph, than priest or book ;
The 'squire, too, seize, when in yon nook
He snores supine,—
Shewing how freely he partook
Of generous wine.

Seize Quacks, who spurious drugs prescribe ;
And youths, who wicked ways imbibe ;
And judges, when they take a bribe,
As well as jury :
In short, let all the venal tribe
Sustain thy fury.

Thus Cramp ! I've painted out to thee,
Who should thy proper objects be ;
So cleave to those and turn from me
Thy future rage ;
For oft I felt thee, e'en at sea,
In early age.

Once, as I reef'd the sails on high,
Thou cam'st and seiz'd me by the thigh ;
And had there been no succour nigh,
Like Phaëton,
Whom Jove hurl'd headlong from the sky,
I'd sank undone !

Once, too, I stripp'd, inclin'd to lave,
But scarce had plung'd into the wave—

When thou a salutation gave
Which tars surveyed ;
I'd surely found a watery grave
But for their aid.

O Cramp ! thou art a dangerous pest,
And those who feel thee know thee best ;
'Tis oft thy aim, when mortals rest,
To wake their ire ;
And triumph o'er the human breast
Till men expire !

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

I'M thankful to thee, ROWLAND HILL !
REDUCTION OF POSTAGE, at last,
Hast thou brought about by thy Bill,
Which Bill through both Houses has past.

I'll now wield my pen with delight,
Expense of conveyance is small ;
And to my relations I'll write,
Imparting a joy to them all.

For pretty well certain I am,
My brothers and sisters in Wales,
Kind Sarah, Ann, Robert, and Sam,
Will smile as they muse o'er my tales.

To these will I scribble, in turns,
 And something I'll write to a friend ;
 If the flame in my bosom long burns,
 Some rhymes to my patrons I'll send.

Huzza ! what a glorious news !
 To hearts that are loyal and fond :
 Now, lovers may write billet doux,
 And nymphs, at cheap rate, correspond.

The miser, too, now may commence
 To show his bright talents as scribe,
 If, indeed, that a few sordid pence
 Can part from that mis'erable tribe.

Now merchants may freely transact,
 And tradesmen no longer will boast
 That by them seal'd letters are pack'd
 Through channels unknown to the post.

I've heard some Hibernians exclaim—
 “ Ma vourneen ! this system is grand ;
 Epistles, increased by the same,
 Like shamrocks, shall spread through our land.”

Next, Jonathan thunders, “ I guess
 Our president sanctions this plan ;”
 While Germans their thoughts thus express—
 “ Das mount bin de coot Englishman.”

His Holiness, too, thinks the Bill
 Has cancell'd a grievous restraint :
 “ Bonus Homo” he terms Rowland Hill,
 And half canonizes him, saint !

My countrymen, also, that write,
Pronounce this same project *yn dda*;
And Frenchmen, so gay and polite,
Sing praises—and shout “Vive la!”

TO THE MOON.

BRIGHT orb! thou now descendest o'er yon tree,
And “leav'st the world to darkness and to me;”^{*}
How I admire thy presence,—and regret,
My fair companion, to behold thee set.
As when some lover, in the night, awhile
Enjoys his mistress's soul-reviving smile;
At length, obedient unto nature's laws,
The lovely charmer from her swain withdraws :
With sorrow struggling in his glowing breast,
He views her entering her abode of rest.
With equal sorrow, thou, refulgent moon,
The bard thy exit must lament too soon !
Thieves now, no doubt, and murd'ring fiends, delight
To find thy silver car beneath their sight.
Thou art the dread of villains!—but the pride
Of virtuous people, and the wand'ers guide.

^{*} Gray.

THE BENEVOLENT PRIEST.

O FISHER! worthy of eternal praise,
Immortal honours, and seraphic lays!
Who, while around thy bounteous deeds are known,
Sleep'st there!—unnoticed, and without a stone!

A Protestant, by generous feelings sway'd,
Would fain contribute to thy rites unpaid;
But ah! his will, debarr'd from fortune's store,
Can give but little, save harmonious lore;
Yet, if such numbers can conduce the least,
To the great merits of so kind a Priest,—
The muse shall glory in her well-meant strain,
And deem these moments not employed in vain.

Ye warm supporters of this ancient faith,
Who oft have bow'd yon sacred roof beneath,
When pious Fisher, with a voice divine,
Taught, pray'd, exhorted, at devotion's shrine.
If e'er, with joy, you found his guardian aid,
Rise!—shield his memory from oblivion's shade!
Like the Samaritan, for ever kind,
'Twas his, poor objects of distress to find;
And as he meekly went his daily rounds,
He pour'd the balm into affliction's wounds:
And like his master,—the Redeemer great,
To do His will was his continual meat!
He sought not luxuries—but merely bread;
Content he rested, if the poor were fed.
Like the good Man of Ross, a hallow'd fane
He rais'd, and brought his wand'ring sheep again
From barren deserts, to his sacred fold,
And screen'd the naked from the piercing cold;

All, he defended from the lion's paw,
And snatch'd the lambkins from the wolves of law !

Whenever summon'd to affliction's bed,
He pray'd so warmly—so devoutly read,
That fiends, despairing, loos'd their eager grasp,
And sinners thank'd him with their dying gasp :
Th' ejaculations the departing sent,
And their last smiles, assured him where they went !

When dangerous fevers raged, devoid of fear,
He risk'd his life the drooping heart to cheer :
In this advent'rous task, when years had pass'd,
This good and gentle pastor found at last
His health affected by contagion's breath,
Caught from the dwellings of disease and death !

Soon as the hand of cruel fate assail'd,
This worthy man, concealing what he ail'd,
Walk'd in the house of God—survey'd it o'er,
And bade adieu to all he lov'd before !
Kneel'd at the altar, pour'd his soul in prayer,
When none were present, save his Maker, there.

The new-rai'd organ, next, the saint survey'd.
And much he wish'd, but ne'er must hear it play'd :
Ah ! doom'd in death his longing eyes to close,
Ere from those pipes their first Hosannas rose.
Back to his house the reverend Father went,
And for assistance to the town he sent :
Physicians came,—but 'twas th' eternal will
That his disease should baffle all their skill :

Compos'd he lay, in "conscious virtue brave
Till God recall'd the spirit which he gave."

He left the world without a groan or sigh,
To teach the wav'ring how the good can die !
When dead, his aspect kept its smiling grace,
For heaven had stamp'd its image on his face :
Thus pious Fisher, in his manly prime,
For bliss eternal, fled the bounds of time !

Loud lamentations by his flock were rais'd,
And all bewail'd him whom before they prais'd :
Religion, weeping, felt the blow severe,
And orphans pour'd their sorrow o'er his bier.
Warm Faith, with sighs, confess'd her early loss,
And lean'd, in mournful silence, o'er her cross !
While Charity, all-conscious of th' alarms,
Dropp'd her pale infants from her trembling arms ;
E'en Hope was mov'd, to see the weeping pair,
And timely rush'd between them and despair.

Ah ! now no more, in robes of heavenly white,
Shall Fisher charm the list'ning ear and sight !
That sacred robe was neither less nor more,
Than emblem of the spotless life he bore !
No more to altars shall that saint repair,
To show the sufferings of a Saviour there ;
No more with smiles his congregation meet,
Nor duteous teachers at their station greet.
Still is the hand that gently stroked the head
Of each improving scholar, as he read ;
Mute is the tongue from which persuasions flow'd,
And cold the bosom that for others glow'd !

From distant towns his acts were not conceal'd,
But most his kindness reign'd thro' Dukinfield.
When there he came, his church—his flock, were such,
As gave him little, though he left them much.

Like a good sower, he dispers'd his grain
Around; nor was his glorious labour vain.
The poor, of all denominations, he
Reviv'd, as leaves are nourish'd by the tree;
His lips aversion to no sect express'd,
Enough for him to succour all distress'd.

No narrow limits could his views control,
'Twas his to bear a philanthropic soul!
That soul is summon'd to her heavenly home;
And must his reliques sleep without a tomb?
Must he, whom Charity confess'd her own,
Want her last kindness—a sepulchral stone?
While worthless knaves, to avarice allied,
Repose in pomp and pyramidic pride!
His scanty income was employed to rear
Weak, tender orphans, and a house of prayer;
Poor, like the Saviour, when in death he laid,
His funeral rested on the public aid.

O that my means were equal to my will,
I would one office, unperform'd, fulfil;
I'd raise a monument, to speak his fame,
And hand to late posterity his name.
But since my lot forbids this gen'rous aid,
Take this small tribute, thou lamented shade.
What yet remains to liberal hands we trust,
To raise the weeping marble o'er thy dust.

THE NEGRO'S INQUIRY.

HAS the white man, whom our vigour
Daily keeps in pomp and state,
Aught beyond his pride and rigour,
To confirm him truly great?

O that I could see some wonder
Done by this pretended god !
Can he wake the sleeping thunder,
Or restrain it with his nod ?

When the face of morn is bright'ning,
Can he quench yon fiery star !
Can his arm arrest the light'ning,
Can it check th' ærial war ?

Can his voice control the ocean,
When huge billows lash the strand ;
When hills tremble with commotion,
Will they cease at his command ?

Would the flames or waters spare him
More than Afric's sable crew ;
Would the lion pause to tear him,
Though he boast a whiter hue ?

Is he never prone to sickness ;
Does he claim no soothing care ;
Is his soul exempt from weakness ;
Dwells no imperfection there ?

Does he not like negroes startle
At the awful frown of death ;
Is his body found immortal ;
Does he not resign his breath ?

Yes !—he's frail as those he urges :
Men ! who to his yoke conform :
Rouse !—remember, when he scourges,
That he's but a fellow-worm.

ON SEEING THE EX-EMPEROR NAPOLEON,
PREVIOUS TO HIS DEPARTURE FOR ST. HELENA.

Is this the Potentate,
Who, like Almighty Jove, the nations shook;
And hurl'd the bolts of fate,
Perplexing monarchs with a single look?
How chang'd!—this dread of kings
Can now no crown, no wide dominion boast;
And see yon tow'ring wings
Prepare to waft him to a foreign coast!
Loud, loud, the awful knell
Of all his greatness rang at Waterloo!
And as that mantle* fell,
Th' imperial robe has vanished from his view.
Now torn from all his friends,
His son, his consort and his grandeur all:
Thus wild ambition ends,
In men and angels, either meet their fall.
Beware ye sceptred great,
Who to an arm of flesh now proudly trust
From pomp and regal state,
Ye, too, may soon be humbled in the dust.
For, if Napoleon fell,
What monarch's safe on the refulgent throne?
When future conquerors swell,
Let them remember how Napoleon shone!
Till in a fatal hour
Adversity threw o'er his rays, a cloud,
And wrench'd the rod of power
From him who never till this moment bow'd.
Thus earthly honours pass,
Vain unsubstantial bubbles! dreams at most:
One erring step, alas!
Dispels the glitt'ring cheats, and all is lost!

* Elijah's.

ROBESPIERRE'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG POLITICIAN.

To rise in the state, you must raise the keen blade,
And plunge it indignant thro' liberty's breast;
You'll then find a door, in the wound you have made,
To affluence, honour, promotion, and rest!

Next, rush like a pirate, that sweeps o'er the decks
Of captures—and stab, if resistance be shown;
Down! down with the people! and stamp on their necks.
Then cringe, till you merit applause from the throne.

Thy sovereign deceived—in thy deeds will delight,
And cry, “What a champion of loyalty's here!
Kneel down, my brave subject, I'll dub thee a knight,
And perhaps the next summer may find thee a peer.”

MARSHAL NEY'S LAST ADDRESS.

VET'RANS, see the man before ye,
Who, through sulphurous smoke and flames,
Led proud Gallia's sons to glory,
'Ere proud fortune cross'd our aims!

When the torch of Russia fired
Moscow's fated domes erewhile;
Then our country's fame expired:
'Twas her glory's funeral pile!

You, who late for victory panted,
Hear the voice that led you on ;
See this bosom, yet undaunted !
Arms—that wreaths immortal won !

I to Gallia proved no traitor,
But with Louis scorn'd to be ;
For I lov'd a monarch greater,
More renown'd in war than he !

Thus, you see no coward kneeling
To receive his just reward :
By your looks, I guess your feeling ;
Yes ! you deem my sentence hard !

Pallid turns the cheek of beauty ;
Tears, the warrior's eyes bedew ;
Yet, brave vet'rans, do your duty :
I impute no fault to you !

Let me not in anguish linger,
Well apply each loaded gun ;
Just one effort of the finger,
And the work of death is done !

Bourbons ! though the fates impel you
To resume your hated sway ;
France has yet a tale to tell you,
Treasured for a future day !

Here Ney ceas'd : the soldiers fired,
And the fatal wound they gave :
Crowds exclaim'd, as they retired,
Rest ! thou bravest of the brave !

TO THE DEITY.

O SOUL of nature ! moving spring
Of all effects, thy praise I'll sing ;
But how should mortal tongues rehearse
Thy living praise in dying verse ?
O give me first a prophet's fire—
An angel's zeal—a heavenly lyre,
Then shall my numbers sound abroad,
And soaring reach thy blest abode.
But what abode can thee contain ;
Dost thou not thro' all nature reign ?
I see thee in thy works below,
In all the opening flowers that blow :
Who views the sun refulgent shine,
And knows not that the light is thine ?
The moon and stars no less declare
The wond'rous omnipresence there.
While countless worlds confess thy powers,
Should we confine thee, Lord ! to ours ?
Though fools' opinions may advance,
Imputing all thy works to chance,
Yet, I believe that chance is far
Too blind, to form a single star ;
But that some strange omniscient cause
Prescribed at first great nature's laws !
Although that cause appears to me,
Incomprehensibility,—
Yet I could venture, every hour,
To worship that Almighty power.

THE AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF SUBSCRIBERS.

1840.

“Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.”

Johnson.

Now thro' Mancunium, with my works, I wend,
To seek therein some patronising friend;
But few such persons can I find, indeed
Commercial writing is the whole they read.
At every warehouse, in each splendid row,
I crave subscription, and declare my woe:
In vain!—proud tradesmen cast a scornful look,
And damn, at once, the poet and his book!
Sick of attempting to attract regard,
I grieve that merit finds no just reward.
But, whilst concluding with exhausted powers,
Night came, accompanied by tremendous showers;
I gazed, all anxious, on surrounding inus,
But durst not venture for the want of means!
At length, a structure interceptive, stood,
Stripp'd of its windows and its floors of wood
By a late conflagration:—there resign'd
I crept, to shelter from the rain and wind:
'Midst beams and rafters which the flames had hurl'd,
I sigh'd, like Adam, o'er a ruin'd world.

'Twas man's ingratitude that wak'd my woe,
But scarce my sorrows could commence to flow,
When on a sudden a celestial light
Glanced on the walls, and trembled on my sight:

And lo ! a being, of supernatural kind,
Appear'd ;—and ere my agitated mind
Could well a change of feeling undergo,
Exclaim'd, “ All hail ! be calm, and deign to know,
I am thy guardian angel—at thy side,
Unseen, I travel, as thy faithful guide !
By land, or ploughing the tumultuous sea,
A kind protector hast thou found in me !
Whene'er men praised thee for some venturous deed,
'Twas I that led thee, and shall ever lead :
Thee oft I've guarded from disastrous falls,
And snatch'd us often from destructive balls !
So heaven appointed—now reveal'd to sight,
I deign to cheer thee on this awful night !
I've seen thy struggle to procure success,
And heard each mocker of thy deep distress.
But rouse !—and yield not to this northern blast,
For ‘ patient merit will buoy up at last.’ ”

He ceased—and, turning with indignant frown,
On the most wealthy portion of the town,
'Ere its proud tenants had retired to rest,
He thus, the selfish, in his wrath address'd :—
“ Ye panting waiters at blind fortune's wheel,
Whose breasts no ray of sacred ardour feel ;
Whose days excite anxiety and dread ;
Whose nights are wasted on a thorny bed ;
Think you, the bard, whom you disdain to greet,
When seen unfriended, in the open street,
Is aught inferior to a tribe like you ?
No !—proud despisers of the tuncful crew !
Though he no worldly riches can command,
No houses, store, or cultivated land ;
Yet, still he boasts an intellectual ray,
Which all your frowns can never chase away ;

Nor all the treasures which you heap on high,
Can ere of heaven, whence he received it—buy.
Thus, he an inward consolation finds,
Which never entered your contracted minds !
Your ruling passion is the thirst of gain,
The counting-house your consecrated fane ;
Grave o'er the ledger and your gold, you nod,—
The first your bible, and the last your god !
If Abra'm found not forty righteous men
To win redemption for that lustful den,
Which bore the vengeance of eternal flames,
So, in Mancunium are not forty names
Whose aid would succour the celestial lyre,
To save these turrets from consuming fire.
Such is the state of this commercial queen ;
At once how powerful, wealthy, and how mean !
Her sons, if doom'd to join the heavenly throng,
Will never weary the Supreme with song !”

My guardian ended his upbraiding theme,
Then homeward led me—and unseen became.

A T R I B U T E
TO THE MEMORY OF DAVID PENNANT, JUN., ESQ.

GREAT Michael, chief of the celestial host,
Thus, late, address'd an angel at his post :—
“ Go down on earth, and let the righteous there
Become, henceforward, thy peculiar care ;
But first look round, among the human race,
For some one worthy to assume thy place.
When found—despatch him from that mortal sphere,
On tow'ring wings, to fill thy office here !”

The seraph downward, like the lightning, flew,
And to a splendid British mansion drew ;
There saw good Pennant on his bed recline,
With aspect far less human than divine :
Though long afflicted, yet composed he lay,
Matured for regions of eternal day !
Like precious metal, in a furnace tried,
God's stamp was early to the gold applied.

The shining herald to the saint drew near,
And, mildly, thus saluted Pennant's ear :—
“ Hail ! faithful servant of our Lord above,
Whom Jesus purchas'd with redeeming love ;
Well pleased, th' Almighty has observed thy ways,
With whom thou walked'st, like Enoch, all thy days ;
From realms celestial, I, empower'd, came down,
To send thee thither to receive thy crown.

For thee to live, is Christ ; but to expire
Were gain : go mingle with the heavenly choir !”
With that the angel gently touch'd his breast,
And Pennant sunk to everlasting rest.
As when, o'er Adam, his Creator threw
A sleep profound, while from his side he drew
A rib ; thus sudden, without pain or smart,
Was freed, good Pennant ! thy immortal part.

When thus the spirit from its mansion fled,
Heaven cries, he lives ! while men exclaim he's dead.
The first rejoices, and the latter mourn ;
That, claims him there,—these, wish he would return.
Meanwhile he waves the victor's palm on high,
And fills th' appointed station in the sky ;
Looks down, with pity, on the weeping train,
And hopes to meet them where no sorrows reign.

WINTER.

Now dreary winter's come
With all its usual devastations round ;
The tuneful choirs are dumb,
And Pharaoh's heart is felt in all the ground.
Behold the naked trees,
While shiv'ring man puts on a warmer vest ;
'Tis the reverse with these,
For they appear amidst the cold, undress'd !

Now earth is robed in white,
As if, O Terra ! 'twere thy nuptial day :
Wouldst thou to one unite,
Who ne'er can cheer thee with a smiling ray ?
A hoary form, whose very looks
To marble turn—e'en running brooks :
Just like the horrid Gorgon's eye
That hardened every object nigh !

O frost ! thou canst each highway mend
Great Britain through, from end to end,
In far less time, and more complete,
Than thousand men could pave a street.

Real bridges now, all useless seem :
And winter o'er each silver stream
Has form'd low bridges of its own
Without wood, iron, brick, or stone !
And little wits who cross the same,
Thus in their idle chat exclaim—
“ Behold ! the faith of modern days,
At least, we boast an ample store ;
We walk upon the water's face,
Which Peter fail'd to do of yore ! ”

Next, see yon skaters swiftly glide,
And spoil full many a new-made slide :
While youngsters curse them one and all,
And wish them every chance to fall,—
That it might teach those haughty things
Who fain would fly—to purchase wings !

Now lads and girls their valour try,
And wage a snowy, harmless war :
Their harmless shots as num'rous fly,
As those discharg'd at Trafalgar !

But see!—young Colin, hapless swain,
Is by his fair opponent slain !
At least, he bears a living death—
His heart is gone—but not his breath !
A snow-ball flung by Mary's hand,
Fixt in his breast a painful glow :
Who, with surprise, would not demand
How fire could be hid in snow ?
Yet—in that cold disguise it came
An all-subduing, amorous flame ;
And she, who Colin holds as slave,
Alone can cure the wound she gave.

Oft, farmers' men, whenc'er they rise,
Approach the frozen water's brink,
And with huge weapons break the ice
That thirsty cattle there might drink ;
And soon each cow their toil rewards
With glorious brimming pails ;
While through snug barns and spacious yards
Resound the blows of flails ;
Now rattling grain, amongst the straw,
Loud execrates that stubborn law

Which keeps it at so high a price,
That poor men's loaves are nought in size!

Still winter's offspring, snow, appears
More deep, and to all things adheres :
Forms pattens for the traveller's shoes,
Which he, no doubt, would gladly lose :
Cleaves to yon coach's roof and sides,
And, thus from town to town it rides,
The driver's bound this plague to bear,
Although it never pays its fare.
But should bright Phœbus cast a ray,
It melts in tears, and runs away !

Frost's pencil on yon window glass
Has drawn what limners scarce surpass—
Leaves, branches, figures,—not a few,
Which every morn attract our view ;
While icicles are seen to hang
From many a cottage top ;
Though neither thieves nor murd'rous gang,
There are they doom'd to stop,
Until at last, a friendly thaw
Shall winter's stubborn grasp withdraw,
And let them gently drop !

Behold yon Robin, harmless thing !
How mute he stands amidst the snow,
And now he shakes his trembling wing,
Therefrom the chilling weight to throw :
And like old Lear, the friendless king,
He knows not where to turn or go !
All hail ! thou little feather'd Job,
If thou wouldst step into my cot,

I swear by him who form'd the globe,
That those within should harm thee not:
I keep no cat—but still have bread,
Whereon thou shouldst be kindly fed!

Now Boreas swells his cheeks and blows
From his tremendous realm of snows
With breath severe and keen!
All nature seems to suffer now,
And sadness spread on every brow
Speaks the surrounding scene.

Great coats and comforters are worn,
The last, that should but necks adorn
Hide chin and lips complete;
The traveller bound to north from south,
Would hardly now unbind his mouth
The dearest friend to greet.

If that the rich, well fed, and warm,
Shrink, and so oft express alarm
Ere winds assail the skin:
Then, what must be the state of those
Who've neither food enough, nor clothes
To cherish life within!

In crazy huts with scarce a fire,
Their vital breath ten thousand draw;
And, when to slumber they retire
Half-starved, they sink on heaps of straw!
The poor might boast a brighter span
Did tyrants not with frowns engage;
"Man's inhumanity to man,"
Is worse than all the winter's rage!

FIRE AND WATER.

A BONFIRE, kindled on the banks of Dee,
Glanced on the billows rolling from the sea ;
The rising water now, with rage opprest,
Thus loud the flaming element address'd :—
“ Thou scorching mischief! wherefore dost thou glare
With pride, vain glory, and presumption there?
Why cast reflection, unprovok'd, on me,—
Must thy superior be disgraced by thee?
My fishes dare not to my surface rise,
Because thou dazzlest their deluded eyes.
Could I but reach thee, with resistless sway
O, how I'd sweep thee from those banks away!”

FIRE.

“ Why comest thou boasting near this verdant spot,
Thou briny offspring of the wife of Lot?
Must I withdraw my rays, and meanly bow
To thee,—vile foaming bubble? who art thou?”

WATER.

“ I am thy better! feeble mortals own
My quick'ning succour, when their fields are sown
I climb the clouds,—descend in timely rain,
And swell the blade, upshooting from the grain!”

FIRE.

“ I warm the earth—I cause the sap to rise,
And from thy frozen breast dissolve the ice ;
I bid kind nature all her pride resume,—
Give trees and meadows their returning bloom.”

WATER.

“ But, still, without me, what avail thy powers?
Know'st thou that Israel, for the want of showers,
For three long years beneath a famine mourn'd,
Till I to bless that groaning land return'd.”

FIRE.

“ On frigid climes should I forbear to look,
How would those shiv'ring tribes their viands cook?
Or how, when snow and stubborn frost alarm,
Could they be kept, without my succour, warm? ”

WATER.

“ Those tribes would better without you than me
Exist, though long their winter seasons be;
Might they not round them and their children draw
The skins of beasts, and eat their morsels raw?
Again,—in torrid tracts of burning sands,
Where human thirst my constant aid demands,
Where pilgrims roam, and hosts their camels drive,
Say, would those travellers and those beasts survive
A month, a week, or e'en a single day,
Were I not found companion of their way? ”

FIRE.

“ Thy words are strong, but still thy powers are weak,
Whilst mine the labours of a God bespeak!
Mark, how stupendous engines, work'd by me,
Employ ten thousand hands of each degree! ”

WATER.

“ Couldst thou display that mighty power of thine
In this respect, should I refuse to join? ”

With all thy idle talk, how would'st thou scheme
Without my presence to create the steam?
Besides all this, huge wheels to thee unknown
Have turn'd, through ages, by my strength alone!
And hundreds yet, with less expense to trade,
Revolve, unconscious of thy boasted aid."

FIRE.

"O sprung from Saturn! but unknown to Mars!
What are thy honours in tumultuous wars?
Canst thou from guns discharge destructive balls?
Wreck mighty navies, or stupendous walls?
Hurl shells tremendous in discordant scenes,
Or mix with clouds exploded magazines?
Hast thou one laurel gain'd for Britain's crew
At glorious Blenheim, or at Waterloo?"

WATER.

"No! milder tasks have been my glorious aims;
For when thy lawless and presumptuous flames,
Like proud usurpers, climb some structure's side,
'Tis mine to humble or resist their pride!
Restore poor mortals to their late abodes
Whom thou turn'st naked on the public roads!
More lasting honours mark th' attempt I make,
Than burning christians at the fiery stake!
Hear this, nor glory in thy savage joy,
'Tis better far to rescue, than destroy!"

FIRE.

"Thou well may'st say so! for thy feeble powers
Can seldom rescue while my rage devours!
What unavailing strife, of late, was thine,
When Bristol felt this flaming torch of mine!

E'en at York Minster, when a Martin hatched
His pregnant mischief, have my powers despatched
The work of years :—so glorious to the view,
More quick than builders could construct a pew!
Yes! I'm the scourge for sweeping pomp away,
E'en Hell and Ætna rage beneath my sway!"

WATER.

"I was created 'ere th' eternal might
With sacred voice exclaim'd 'Let there be light!'
Therefore, a younger element art thou;
And should the elder to the younger bow?
Long hast thou boasted what thine ire can do—
May I not boast of my achievements too?
Have I destroyed no mighty ships of war?
Sixteen beneath me lie at Trafalgar;
And numerous others sunk in various parts
Are now the coffins of the noblest hearts.
O'er several tracts where now my empire frowns,
Green fields have flourished, and commercial towns!
Now nought appears of all those lovely seats,
Save barren deserts, where my tide retreats.
'Twas at a period of no ancient date
I overflow'd Earl Goodwin's wide estate :
Near which, full oft th' astonish'd traveller stands,
And pointing, cries, 'Behold the Goodwin sands!'"

FIRE.

"I burned those wicked cities of the plain,
Jerusalem's temple, and Diana's fane!
Rome, London, Moseow, and illustrious Troy,
I deem'd no arduous labour to destroy."

WATER.

"I've broken Holland's mighty ramparts down,
Swept all before me with resistless frown!

Spain's strong Armada off Britannia's coast,
And haughty Pharoah's unrelenting host
I've without labour to destruction hurl'd,
And what surpasses all—I've drown'd the world!"

FIRE.

Yet will I yield not to thy boasted claim,
'Tis mine to burn this universal frame;
Then all thy mighty store—thy parent sea,
Will not be able to extinguish me!"

WATER.

"Now dost thou wound me with a blow severe!
And shake my bosom with unusual fear;
Ah! that fulfilment of prophetic themes!
Thy future triumph, and the world in flames!
Then must I bow beneath thy mighty sway
While the loud trumpet, of the latter day
Shall, from my caverns, rouse th' imprison'd dead!
And I, tormented in a fiery bed
Sink down with dreadful anguish—boil, and roar!
O! drop this subject, I can hear no more!"

ON HEARING OF THE BIRTH OF A PRINCE.

REJOICE ye hills and fertile Cambrian vales,
Behold, at last, another Prince of Wales!
Resound your harps, ye minstrels, with delight,
A glorious day now opens to your sight.
But stop! methinks I hear your bards exclaim,
Why should we glory in a foreign name?

Give us a Prince from old Llewelyn sprung,
Born to command us in our native tongue!
Then would our harps and voices loud resound,
Till mountains, caves, and valleys echo round!
Yea, Snowdon's self should feel a fervent glow,
And downward cast his ponderous crown of snow,
Proud to behold a nobler diadem
Adorn a royal branch of British stem!
Thus would my country at the change rejoice,
And while the living hear their prince's voice,
The mighty dead, who scorn'd the yoke of slaves,
Would rouse like lions from their silent graves,
Charm'd by the dictates of a Cambrian lord,
Would round him lift the vengeful spear or sword.
Wait his commands in future peace to reign,
Or in their country's cause—die o'er again!

Lines Composed on the Railway.

THE splendid cars now from their station spring,
While all things round appear upon the wing.
Banks, rails, and hedges, fields and neighb'ring farms,
Tall spires, and structures where religion warms—
All pass as quickly as the lightning by,
And now a tree, and now a hay-stack fly!
“Look! look! see yonder,” cries a simple dame,
“For most the hay her notice seem'd to claim;
“Yon stack! how swiftly borne before the blast;
What pity farmers had not tied it fast!”

The cars, still rushing from the radiant south,
At length are swallowed in a tunnel's mouth,
Then out again, with less'ning noise they run,
Just like a charge delivered from a gun!

The cloud-like steam, extending far behind,
 Floats like old Gallia's standard in the wind :
 Birds trembling shun it—but bold horses gaze
 With heartfelt rapture, and forget to graze ;—
 And thus express their gratitude to man,
 For his invention of so wise a plan :—
 "Hail, human genius ! that from heaven proceeds
 To mitigate the num'rous woes of steeds !
 How have we toil'd through generations past—
 Brav'd summer's heat, and winter's piercing blast,
 With ponderous coaches in our rear, to dash
 Through thick and thin, beneath the tyrant's lash !
 But fortune smiles !—and may those souls be blest
 Who gain'd us freedom, and increase of rest !"

What will not steam in future years create ?
 'Tis now but only in an infant state !
 The time may come when its strong power shall raise
 Whole fleets triumphant to the clouds' embrace ;
 Then drive them forward o'er th' Atlantic main,
 Soon with rich cargoes to return again :
 Advancing homeward in a glorious hour,
 And lighting, fill the British isles with flour !
 Yea, more, hereafter, numerous towns of wood
 (For such have long in foreign countries stood)
 Shall steam uplift, while mighty wings expand,
 And snatch them instant from their native land :
 To shun new taxes, or approaching war,
 Thus shall they fly to peaceful realms afar !
 There wisely settle on extensive plains,
 Where nought that wounds the human feeling reigns !

Still onward darts the rapid train along,
 And without moving the delighted throng ;
 O'er sounding arches to Mancunium pass,
 Where all dismount—beneath a sky of glass !

A N A C R O S T I C .

SOME bards without a provocation write
 Of public teachers with malignant spite :
 Let such remember that they madly blame
 Our guides to science and immortal fame !
 My soul abhors those scribes, who without cause,
 Offend the guiltless for some mean applause,—
 Neglecting justice, and her sacred cause !

Come, then, my friend, afflicted as thou art,
 Accept this tribute from a grateful heart !
 Rough and untuneful though my lines appear
 They flow spontaneous from a heart sincere !
 When first I heard thou could'st a song compose,
 Respects towards thee, immediately, rose :
 I read thy verses on an infant's birth—
 Gave them my sanction—and declared their worth !
 Heaven sends down genius as a sacred guide ;
 To some 'tis granted—but to more denied ;

Why are the muses to impart their strains—
 Courts, they less frequent, than huts of swains ;
 How far th' unwealthy at the lyre excel
 Our country's records have the power to tell.
 Of Shakspeare, Otway, and harmonious Burns,
 Life's various passions have to boast in turns !
 More might be mentioned of the lowly throng,
 All rais'd to notice by their powerful song !
 Suffice it, therefore, that these lines are penn'd
 To show th' affection of a Cambrian friend :
 Ease, health, and comfort, may'st thou soon regain—
 Rheumatic tortures have been long thy bane !

FRIENDSHIP.

DEAR to brave tars is the compass that guides them
O'er ocean's blue waves in the season of night ;
And dear are the stars when no dark mantle hides them,
But dearer the moon when she pours all her light !

More precious than these, is the aspect of morning,
What time her deep blushes the billows impress :
But sweeter than all when we find the world scorning—
Is friendship's warm smile to the wretch in distress.

How oft when I felt keen adversity wounding,
And penury's hand o'er my bosom extend ;
E'en then when my heart has been sadly desponding
I've rous'd with new life at the voice of a friend !

Then let no rash act, indiscretion, or folly,
Turn from us true friendship's soul-cheering flame,
But hold it while living pure, precious, and holy,
As God's own Eternal and sanctified Name !

TO CYNTHIA.

SILVER moon, so calm and quiet,
Such indeed thou seem'st to be,
If thou art exempt from riot
How I'd love to dwell in thee !

For this world is agitated—
Here the strong the weak oppress ;
Countless numbers, here, ill-fated
Daily moan in deep distress !

But thou orb of modest lustre,
Have thy tenants woes and pains?
If to seek their rights they muster,
Are they sabred on the plains?

Feel thy natives keen starvation?
Are they born to die like we?
Do their souls require salvation?
Hast thou, too, a Calvary?

No! methinks, thou answer'st mildly,
Here, no breasts have grief within;
Clouds may o'er my face run wildly,
Yet, I'm free from Adam's sin!

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF INDISPOSITION.

FLING not, death! thy curtain o'er me
Till I'm better known to fame!
Lest old Cambria, dear, that bore me,
Should neglect my humble name.

For I wish to sing her praises—
Wish to spread her various charms:
Then, just like her mountain daisies
Droop and die, within her arms.

Grant me this, O King of Terror!
Nó! 'tis HE can make me well,
Who, through calm or scenes of horror
Bears the keys of Death, and Hell!

ON MY HANDS.

At home, or far off foreign lands
I've still depended on my hands
My cravings to supply ;
Since placed in poverty by fate
My hands alone are my estate,
No other aids have I.

O precious limbs befriend me long,
For abler friends are rare :
Whilst blest with health I'm hale and strong,
I need not quite despair ;

I have not—I crave not
A monarch's opulence,
Yet I would fain ere death, obtain
A moderate competence !

Where'er the thoughtless sons of wealth
Lose their precious limbs or health,
They've other hands to toil ;
Thus, Nelson on the briny main
Could still his country's rights maintain,
And threat'ning navies foil !

His hands would keep his ships in trim
And every task perform ;
But, how, if I should lose a limb,
Should I survive the storm ?

My bark soon, would dark soon
Survey the prospect round ;
Then dashing, and crashing
Sink in the gulph profound !

THE FATE OF POETS.

SWEET Poetry's the language of the gods,
And when frail man presumes to deal therein,
All the celestials, from their bright abodes,
At once upon him in their wrath begin!
Not suddenly, with unrelenting rods,
Do they destroy him for his rhyming sin,
But then, his soul with numerous ills they tease
And bid starvation kill him by degrees!

This awful truth, in Doctor Johnson's Lives
Of British Poets, may the reader find;
There, many a bard, whose noble song survives,
Has fall'n a victim to th' immortal kind!
Whether these men were single, or had wives,
All want have found, and great distress of mind!
Then, let no youth attempt the mighty theme
To which the deities alone have claim.

AN ADDRESS TO THE RHEUMATISM.

O THOU Rheumatism! whose torture I bear,
The worst of all tisims, art thou, I declare!
E'en talented SCHOLEFIELD, who gain'd ample praise
For snatching whole crowds from the cholera's embrace,
Has told my kind nephew how stubborn thou art,
And hard to repel is thy keen piercing dart!
The roaring of thunders—the tumult of seas—
The madness of tempests that tear up the trees:

The flashing of lightning so awfully grand—
The raging of battle on ocean or land
Continue not daily!—but thou, cruel foe,
Thy vengeance doth seldom its victim forego;
Like the malediction that cleav'd unto Cain,
To rid themselves of thee, men labour in vain.

O! that some bright genius could find out a cure
For wretches, who now thy sharp torments endure;
'Twould be more important than bending his thought
On motion perpetual so frequently sought.
Do thou! my good patron and friend—of Christ Church,
Still pry into nature with studious research!
And drag forth some power that hidden remains
To cast out those demons—call'd rheumatic pains.
The glorious discov'ry would add to that fame
Which thousands were willing to grant as thy claim:
What time thy skill baffled, a dreadful disease,
And spread round the country—health, gladness, and peace.

ON THE MASSACRE OF THE WELSH BARDS
BY KING EDWARD I.

BARBAROUS Edward! termed the First,
Foe to freedom and the free!
Who that reads thine acts accurst
Can with pleasure think of thee?
Surely thou can'st never shine
With the glorious host above,
Since of harmony divine
Thou could'st not on earth approve!

See the tribe of British bards
By thy cruel order slain ;
All, because those tuncful guards
Bade their country spurn thy chain !

When thou, fell tyrant, grac'd the womb,
The fates assembled round the room,
Who from their store selected parts
Of Judas, Cain, and Nimrod's hearts ;
All these, with horrid songs they mixt
And in the infant bosom fixt !
Then smiling o'er the mother's breast
Thus loud the future king address :—
“ O be thou eurst with every vice,
When thou to many years shalt rise—
Be false, oppressive, envious, hard ;
Faith, justice, merey, disregard !
Let innocence become thy prey—
Rage, conquer, murder, and betray !
Suppress the smiles of liberty
And let no monarch reign but thee !”
Thus, having spoke, the regal bed
The fatal sisters now resign'd,
And from the gorgeous palace fled
On the swift pinions of the wind !
The royal babe, at leugh, was born ;
And when he grew to man's estate,
All virtuous ways he held in scorn,
And closed on freedom mercy's gate !
For, while he bore supreme command,
Not those alone who swept the lyre,
But Chiefs of Wales, and Scotia's land,
E'en Wallace sunk beneath his ire !

VALE OF CLWYD.

DYFFRYN Clwyd, thou queen of vallies,
Blest is he who claims a cot
In thy bounds; a regal palace
Such might view and envy not!

Here, methinks, to live I'd glory,
Serving still the sacred nine!
Clwyd! no vale renown'd in story
Charms my rising soul like thine!

See Pomona's gifts impending,
All a virgin blush receive;
Countless arms with fruit extending
That might tempt another Eve!

Ceres, too, is seen before us,
Lifting high her ears of corn;
Shelter'd from relentless Boreas
By whose rage e'en hills are torn!

Eden, still in song existing,
Scarce surpassed this lovely scene!
Here we find no serpent twisting
Round the boughs with hellish spleen!

Fragrant vale! whose scent diffuses
Like the incense far and wide;
How I'd love to woo the muses,
By thy banks and crystal tide!

There, with books and health attending,
Oft would I forget my bwyd;*
Scarce with day my pleasures ending
In the groves of Dyffryn Clwyd.

* Bwyd—Meat.

B E N E V O L E N C E .

ALL-HAIL! Benevolence divine!
In Christ wert thou completely found;
And he who boasts a ray of thine,
Like the Redeemer, smiles around!
For, where afflicted hearts repine,
He pours into the bleeding wound
A balsam that relieves the breast
And soothes the groaning wretch distressed!

Sweet child of heav'n! that walk'st on earth
To snatch the sons of men from woe!
And bosoms soft that give thee birth
Their own reward are doom'd to know,
For while they dart their influence forth,
E'en givers, like receivers, glow!
Proud of their means, the will and power,
To brighten misery's gloomy hour!

Extend thy reign from shore to shore,
Thou mild Benevolence! that those
Who now their wretched fate deplore
May terminate their numerous woes!
I've known thee! but would know thee more!
When first my friendless genius rose,
She sprung to light, uprais'd by thee
In the mild form of Kennedy!

VERSES,

Expressing the writer's gratitude to Friends who, as a mark of their esteem for his poetic talents, presented him with a suit of clothes.

DEAR Friend ! on adversity's sea,
My bark a long while had been tost ;
And, had I not spoken to thee,
She would in short time have been lost.

You told her condition forlorn
To persons whose hearts could relent ;
Described her frail canvass out-worn,
Her rigging by poverty rent.

Anon, the good men that are found,
Employed in the service of Leech,
Lest rocks should obstruct her and wound,
Sent boats to her aid from the beach.

Some others, too, not of the band
Here mentioned, consented to join ;
Like heroes, they pushed from the land,
To tug the old bark through the brine.

They towed her to harbour amain,
Then raised a bright sum without strife,
Resolving to fit her again
To brave the rough billows of life.

Once more on the ocean of time,
She may, with her compass and chart,
Bring cotton from fair India's clime,
Or sov'reigns convey to that mart.

And now, my good friends, to be plain,
'Tis true that you ask no reward ;
I thank you again and again,
For kindness displayed to the bard.

And should his Welsh harp, before long,
Give something harmonious and new,
When presses send forth his next song,
His mem'ry shall dwell upon you.

ACROSTIC TO J. C. PRINCE.

P lenty deigns her store to cast
R ound Apollo's son at last ;
I ndigence he dreads no more.
N ature's Bard, thy woes are o'er :
C omfort, virtue, wealth, and fame,
E 'er attend thy honoured name.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

BEAUTEOUS Rose of Whitford Dale,
Still thy grateful sweets exhale !
Long may'st thou be seen to bloom,
Long diffuse thy rich perfume ;
Nourished by a parent's stem,
Precious as an orient gem.
Art thou, most delightful Rose,
Scenting every breeze that blows.
May no early frost appear,
To retard thy mild career ;
May no ruthless blast prevail
O'er the Rose of Whitford Dale.

L I N E S ,

Suggested on reading Mr. J. C. Prince's excellent little Poem,
entitled "The Pen and the Press."

YES, Prince ! through the Pen and the Press we may learn,
They waken the passions, we read, and we burn ;
The tongues of all nations they silently speak,
And authors who knew but the Latin or Greek,
Are taught in each language their thoughts to express,
By those dumb instructors, the Pen and the Press.
A knowledge of Shakespeare thus amply is gained,
Who launched to new worlds when the old he'd drained,
For scenes unsubstantial, or ideal land,
He turned into real with his magical wand.
The Fates stood astonished and charmed with his lore,
And millions soon felt they were marble no more.

The fire seraphic of Milton had glowed,
Like a lamp that is fixed in a dreary abode,
Beneath some lone fane where the dead are inurned,
If the Pen and the Press had not told how it burned.

The self-exiled Byron, most sullenly grand,
Who sung in the gloom of a far distant land ;
Like Philomel, hid in a thicket's recess,
Has life in our souls through the Pen and the Press.

Pope, Dryden, and Campbell, Swain, Rogers and Moore,
Those stars of our sky, and the gems of our shore,
Had never made known their bright " language of flame,"
Nor gained an access to the Temple of Fame,
If the Pen and the Press had refused to impart
A visible form to the strains of their art.

Besides the Bards mentioned are numbers well known,
 Who in the republic of letters have shone :
 But, where's that Republic? Late writings convince,
 That Britain's famed poets are blest with a Prince.

In lands where the Pen and the Press are restrained,
 All minds are in darkness, all limbs are enchained ;
 Stern despots there govern with absolute sway,
 And subjects dare hint at no wrongs—but obey :
 Of freedom to speak, with a patriot's fire,
 'Twere blackest of treason—'twere death to aspire.

But thanks to kind fortune, our country's not bound,
 Save by the blue girdle of Neptune around ;
 Here triumphs the Pen, and the Presses are free,
 As zephyrs that kiss the grieved face of the sea.
 Should any to bind the said engines presume,
 May they be bound faster in dungeonal gloom :
 And may injured Britons long find a redress,
 Through those mighty champions,—the Pen and the Press.

AN ACROSTIC TO MR. J. G.

J oy, competence, and health, attend
 O n thee, my old, my worthy friend ;
 H eaven guide thy steps, and daily fling,
 N ew energy on all you sing.

G o where I will, methinks I hear,
 L ays tuned by thee, most sweet and clear,
 E 'er since thou play'd and sung to me,
 D o I, dear friend, remember thee.
 H ail child of nature, and of art,
 I could, when we from life depart,
 L ike well to pass eternity,
 L istening to thy Harmony.

V E R S E S

TO ONE WHO OFTEN PERSUADED THE AUTHOR TO FORSAKE THE
MUSES.

Love of fame you term vain glory,
Which you urge me to suppress;
I may listen to your story,
But shall scribble ne'ertheless.

He who stifles in his bosom
An inherent love of fame,
Crushes a celestial blossom
That should decorate his name.

Numbers by this flame inspired,
Oft have braved the storms of fate;
And have been divinely fired
To achievements good and great!

Nelson, Britain's late Defender,
Wellington and others, claim
E'en an everlasting splendour,
Risen from a love of fame.

Had our Poets ne'er ta'en pride in
This distinction, ere they shone,
Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Dryden,
Would have lived and died unknown.

Thus you see, 'tis not a trifle
That inflames my glowing mind,
He who would this ardour stifle,
Acts injurious to mankind.

Fame to me is sweet as honey,
Mammon is to you the same ;
You renounce the love of money,
And I'll quench my love of fame !

ADDRESS TO MY NATIVE LAND.

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF TWELVE YEARS.

THOU land of my birth, and my fathers' before me,
I glory to roam o'er thy mountains and vales ;
A daughter of thine was the parent that bore me,
And most that I value on earth is in Wales.

Thou land of the Poets, whose magical numbers
Could make hostile legions desist or engage ;
And still, not inactive thine energy slumbers,
Though weakened in part by a civilized age.

Thou land of a brave and a generous people,
As the light to the captive, to me art thou dear ;
Twelve years have elapsed since I gazed on yon steeple,
And heard the bells chiming so sweet on my ear.

Thou land of grey castles, that nod on thy mountains,
While rocks most stupendous o'erhang the high road ;
These scenes, and Win'freda, the chief of thy fountains,
In thought I re-visited oft when abroad.

As the harps of the Hebrews, when hung on the willows,
My lyre neglected remained on the sea,
But now I have freedom from tempests and billows,
I'll tune up my lyre, sweet Cambria, to thee.

A N A C R O S T I C.

E TERNAL blessings, like the morning dew,
 D escend, my kind, my worthy friend, on you;
 W hene'er the bard, ill-fated, groaned distrest,
 A generous ardour in thy glowing breast
 R elieved at once the agonising smart,
 D ispelling clouds of sorrow from his heart.

J ust, true, and honest, in thy ways art thou!
 O n thee relied good Pennant,—Fielding now;
 N obility, thus, oft thy hours employ,
 E 'en thou art noble, free from base alloy;
 S o every person is that bears a soul,
 A pproved by heaven, and yields to its control.
 G od grant that thou, and thine, may here below
 E njoy a length of life, exempt from woe;
 N efol gogoniant,* when you quit this sphere,
 T he Lord shall give you for your goodness here!

* Heavenly glory.

ON VISITING DOWNING. JUNE, 1848.

HAIL, Downing Hall! with joyful eyes
 I view thy grandeur and thy size:
 While I survey thy outward frame,
 I think of that great son of fame
 Who here has written works sublime,
 That shall defy the rage of time.
 Hail, glorious Pennant! now at rest,
 Thy mem'ry shall be ever blest;

So shall thy offspring, kind and free,
For their benevolence live with thee.

But who are those that dwell within,
Who seem all persons' hearts to win?
How easy of access are they,
How gracious every word they say :
'Tis noble Fielding, and his spouse,
The stars of an illustrious house ;
The poor man's heart they daily cheer,
And thousands love them and revere.
True patrons of the Muses, hail !
Thrice happy in this Cambrian vale,
Long may you pass delightful hours,
Unknown to care's corroding powers.

ISAAC AND THE RAT.

A CERTAIN new warehouse, for want of a cat,
Of late had been haunted, I'm told, by a rat ;
That one Sunday night no permission did ask,
To feast on some tallow, plunged into a cask.
Old Isaac, next morning, beheld his dread foe
Imprisoned—and thus loud addressed him, " Oh, ho,
I have thee then, have I, thou pest of this place,
Prepare for thine exit, for short are thy days ;"
" Dear Isaac, have mercy," the captive exclaimed,
" Nor let me, my friend, without reason be blamed,
For Stalybridge festival, first of all wakes,
Commences this morning, with nuts and with cakes !
And while two-legged animals gorge on good meat,
Allow me, my friend, of this tallow to eat."

“ I’ll make no allowance at all of the kind,”
Our warehouse defender in anger rejoined !
“ Thy death, alone, calmness can fix on my brow,
For oft have I chased thee, but have thee safe now.”
“ Dear Isaac, dont kill me,” the prisoner replied,
“ Let twine to my tail by thy fingers be tied,
And trust me, thus fastened, to stand on the floor
While thou for a cat shall repair through the door?”
“ Nay! nay! mon,” quoth Isaac, “ that plan winna do,
Thou’rt non greatly cunning, dost think I’m a foo?
For ere to the warehouse a cat I could bring,
Thou’dst nibble asunder the soon yielding string,
Then laugh at my folly, and praise thy sharp teeth,
That wrought thy escape to the regions beneath;
I’ll fetch no grimalkin, myself will be cat!”
“ A christian like thee,” interrupted the rat.
“ For one that’s religious and every way good,
Should scorn to defile his pure hands in my blood !
Hast thou in the temple of famed Cocker-hill,
Ne’er read the command that forbids thee to kill?”
“ What! not kill a ratten!” cried Isaac in haste,
With that his dread weapon indignant he raised,
“ Stop, stop! for a moment,” the animal cried,
“ I find that existence to me is denied;
Thou’rt equally ready, for such is thy toil,
In shedding of blood as in spilling of oil;
Now, thus I predict, ere I yield up my breath,
My brethren the rats, when they hear of my death,
Shall rush in the night, to the house where you stop,
For Mary and you, I am told, keep a shop;
Impelled by revenge, through thy grate shall they go,
Then dart like a legion of fiends from below;
Shall tear all thy drapery, piece after piece,
Devour thy bacon, bread, butter and cheese:
Thus, long shall they act, and thy watching defy,
’Till thou with vexation shalt languish and die!”

“But thou shalt die first,” valiant Isaae exclaimed,
With that a dread blow at the captive he aimed.
The rat called for mercy, but none could he find,
To blows of the victor his life he resigned ;
Brave Isaae his trophy display’d to the view,
Proud as St. George when the Dragon he slew.

TO THE AGED.

GRIEVE not my friends, when that your head turns white,
For you resemble then the sons of light ;
Yea, Christ himself, John witnessed long ago,
Appeared in heaven with locks as white as snow ;
So fret no longer, keep your persons clean,
Your habits virtuous, and your souls serene ;
Then, shall you be respected everywhere,
Though life’s bleak winter whiten all your hair.


THE BENEVOLENT PASTOR.

OF late, a bard, by meditation led,
Towards Saint George’s sacred structure sped ;
And as he paced its consecrated ground,
An aged person, but of looks profound,
With tardy steps approached Apollo’s son,
To whom he mildly in this strain begun :
“ I guess, good neighbour, that this solemn earth
Contains some mortal of distinguish’d worth,

Whose memory draws thee on this Sabbath morn
To pour thy sorrow o'er his silent urn !”
“ No ! ” cried the poet, “ but I've wander'd here
The pious pastor of this church to hear !
For 'tis reported that he pleases all,
Who from his lips hear sacred accents fall.”
“ That's true,” replied the venerable man,
“ Nor would'st thou act on a degrading plan
Wert thou to enter that majestic fane
And hear good LEESON in his noblest strain ;
For all that listen to his solemn voice
Have ample cause, hereafter, to rejoice.
Far different now this spacious church appears
To what it seemed, alas ! in former years ;
'Twas then deserted by the rich and poor,
And few regarded its unfolded door.
Its shepherd's voice no wandering sheep could hear,
And melancholy was the prospect near.
Thus seemed this fane all other fanes to mock,
A lonely fold, forsaken by its flock.
At length, a Pastor of our choice appear'd,
And none beheld him but at once revered !
In LEESON all that they desired obtained—
And soon his church a congregation gained ;
Now see the dear, the tender lambs he guides,
O'er whom he watches, and for whom provides,
And as the poplars round yon sacred wall
Still grow more strong, more lovely, straight and tall,
So the frail infant scholars he commands
Thrive and improve beneath his fostering hands.
No rigid discipline, of barbarous kind,
Has ever entered his benevolent mind ;
Of treatment mild his generous soul approves,
And when delighted through his school he moves
Behold the young ones, whom he teaches free,
Smile on their Pastor with becoming glee :

Their little breasts with warm affection glow,
But sad they turn when they behold him go.
And as the Saviour, when on earth he trod,
Assail'd no children with a tyrant's rod,
But raised and bless'd them in his folded arms,
So love the breast of generous LEESON warms—
With this he wins the young ones to his will,
Who all their tasks with equal love fulfil.
Whene'er surrounded by his infant band,
Whom he caresses with paternal hand,
They, close as woodbines that adhere to trees,
Cling round his legs, and hang upon his knees.
When the great fountain of celestial light,
Imparts its radiance to the orbs of night,
They shine on others, true to nature's law,
So may these scholars, from the light they draw,
Give future young ones a propitious ray,
To guide them onward through the darksome way!
Now to our subject—should some dire disease
On any pupil of kind LEESON seize,
He, without charge, the healing potion sends,
And thus, the friendless with his power befriends;
In him the orphan finds a tender sire,
And widows succour from his hands acquire.”

No more he uttered, for the sabbath bell
Commenced the time of morning prayer to tell,
The bard, accompanied, to devotion went,
And how delightful were the hours he spent
Beneath the roof where pious LEESON taught
Truths, that a change in erring bosoms wrought,
Such were his strains, (impressive, strong, and clear,)
As saints approve, and angels deign to hear!



THE COVETOUS MATRON.

A MATRON, a daughter of Mammon, once lay
Beneath the black sceptre of death,
With low falt'ring accents she called to her maid,
When ordered to yield up her breath !

"Eliza," she whisper'd "I crave one request,—
And if I solicit in vain,
My spirit departed, unconscious of rest
Shall visit this mansion again !"

The damsel consented. The matron then said,
"A bag of bright guineas I have ;
So take it, and lay the same under my head,
Ere I am consigned to the grave."

She died ; and the servant her promise fulfill'd,
The treasure was with her inurned ;
No sorrows, from eyes, at her funeral distill'd,
For Misers are buried unmourned.

Each duty accomplish'd, the liberal young heir
To search for her riches began ;
He tried every coffer, but none he found there,
Then cried, "I am robb'd, and undone !"

He questioned the maiden respecting the gold,
And openly charged her with theft ;
But she to exhibit her innocence, told
What orders her mistress had left.

The son to Eliza imputed no fault,
But with a good neighbour he sped,
Beneath the lone temple, he entered the vault,
To bring back his wealth from the dead.

The coffin was open'd forthwith, and a light,
That instant, disclos'd to the view,
What wakened deep horror, disgust, and affright,
And flung o'er each face a pale hue!

There, toads most obnoxious, or imps in disguise,
Performed the dread office of Hell;
Deep sable their colour, and sparkling their eyes,
And venom, like froth, from them fell.

These reptiles repair and the guineas they seize,
Then off with their burdens they prest,
Consigning the metal, bright piece after piece,
To blue-flaming wounds in her breast.

"Enough," cried the son, overcome at the sight,
"Enough of this horrible scene"—
But scarce had he uttered these words, when a sprite
Advanced from the columns between.

"Behold!" he exclaimed, "erring mortals behold,
A lesson displayed to your view,
That mean sordid wretch who would worship her gold,
Now suffers the penalty due."

The heir and his partner by terror impelled,
Now left the dark house of the dead;
While elements warning a struggle upheld,
And filled every bosom with dread!

The church, had it not been supported by God,
Had shrunk from the tempest that blew;
For Boreas compelled the high steeple to nod,
And tore up the dark coloured Yew.

Unurged by aught human, the great tenor bell
Flung its deep solemn tone through the land;
Crowds wakening, suppos'd 'twas the world's awful knell,
And cried, "The dread Judge is at hand."

THE SHIPWRECK.

To far Australia, a region renown'd,
With emigrants many the "Tayleur" was bound ;
By a steamer tow'd out to the open sea,
Then left to the elements' mercy was she.
Her frame of wrought-iron most strongly was made,
Though no mighty engines on board were display'd ;
Just four thousand tons was she able to bear,
And passengers more than five hundred were there.
A vessel more noble, majestic, and grand,
With cargo ne'er left any port in our land.
But ah ! who can see the dark working of fate,
Or reckon aught permanent found in this state ?
For, shortly these splendours shall be torn away,
And long execrated this terrible day ;
And, ere the bright sun his meridian shall reach,
What crowds, pale and lifeless, will press the cold beach !

A crew insufficient this ship had on board,
And some of plain English could not speak a word ;
Mismanagement, thus, and confusion arose,
And tempests were found every aim to oppose.
Lambay is in sight, with its foam-beaten rocks,
While the skill of the steerer the stubborn ship mocks.
Poor mortals, perceiving their danger draw nigh,
Aloud supplicate for kind help from the sky.
The "Tayleur" rush'd onward with terrible sway,
Opposing her hull to the rocks of Lambay ;
The spirit of wrath, his dread task to perform,
Blew hard with his breath and augmented the storm,
And lordly destruction, who stalk'd on the waves,
Push'd numbers, untimely, straight down to their graves !
The Fates, with their arrows, delighted to wound,
And emptied their quivers on wretches around.

In earnest th' achievements of death now began,
And self-preservation engag'd every man ;
What weeping—what wailing commingled with prayer,
Ascended from girls on the verge of despair.
And now a huge wave, with a terrible sweep,
From deck swept a hundred at once to the deep :
How loud and heart rending the dreadful alarms,
While mothers grew frantic with babes in their arms.
A lady, amidst the loud tumult and strife,
In vain offered thousands of pounds for her life.
Of two hundred women, remain'd only three
Who escaped with their lives from the rage of the sea ;
In fact, every billow a life snatch'd away,
Which shows our weak nature—frail things of a day !
The sea-birds, relentless, oft gave a loud scream,
Deriding those struggling for life in the stream.
At length, men undaunted and cleaving to hope,
From land to the vessel extended a rope,
And many by means of this plan got on shore,
And many dropp'd down and existed no more.
Poor souls !—many women relinquish'd their gripe,
And fell, like fruit falling from branches when ripe.
The anchors when dropp'd could avail not, alas,
Their chains broke asunder like snapping of glass.
Two doctors, brave fellows, were robb'd of their breath ;
By trying to save others they met their own death ;
To rescue his child from the regions beneath,
One swam with the infant sustain'd in his teeth.
The captain now stripp'd, and got safely on shore,
But he* who swam with him will never swim more.
The "Tayleur" now buried herself in the deep,
While one sprung aloft his existence to keep ;
Just fourteen long hours he clung to the mast,
And was nobly deliver'd from danger at last.

* One of Captain Noble's mates.

Dread sight! what a number now spread o'er the sand,
All touch'd by death's heavy and cold icy hand!
Such a scene of deep sorrow and heart-rending pain
We hope that Lambay will ne'er witness again.

QUACK DOCTORS—A VISION.

'Tis scarcely deemed a heinous crime,
In this improved, enlightened time,
To tell how visions oft appear,
That strike our trembling souls with fear,
Or fill our bosoms with delight,
While slumb'ring in the dead of night.

I, in an awful dream of late,
Beheld the minister of fate,
Who, on an elevated ridge,
Stood contemplating Stalybridge.
Advancing, with undaunted breast,
I thus the meagre king address'd :
“ When thou from thence hast viewed the town,
Dost thou intend to venture down
And slay frail human beings below ? ”
But the grim monarch answered, “ No.
I seldom do kill any there,
But leave them to my agents' care ;
For I have quacks who weekly come
To Stalybridge, with poisonous seum,
And many a vile, destructive pill,
And they have left me none to kill.
Thus do these kind, obliging elves
Perform my business, all themselves.”

Quoth I, this system may be best ;
While men kill men they give you rest.”
“ True,” death replied : “ if quacks increase
I’ll break my darts and live in peace ;
’Tis time I should from toil relax,
And yield my slaughtering trade to quacks !”

A F A B L E .

A CUCKOO, perch’d upon a tree,
Once mocked a robin’s artless glee ;
While envy stung his sordid breast,
He thus the latter loud address’d :—
“ Forbear ! thou crimson-bosom’d thing,
Nor in my presence dare to sing !
Let none attempt the tuneful art
Who have not seen a foreign part ;
Behold in me a songster true,
A vain pretender dwells in you ;
I scorn like thee to lurk at home,
None learn true wisdom till they roam.”

He ceased, then toss’d his head aside,
And thus the robin loud replied :—
“ Begone ! thou vain, conceited fool,
And boast not of a foreign school ;
If distant climes avail thee aught,
Why art thou yet no better taught ?
Two simple notes were thine before,
And now, it seems, you know no more !

What can degraded cuckoos learn?
Fools they set out, and fools return!
Besides, it is not to improve
That thou from Britain deign'st to rove;
Thou dread'st the approaching winter time,
To shun it seek'st a milder clime.
'Tis fear, alone, that makes thee leave
The land to which I firmly cleave.
Thus a true patriot shines in me,
But a base coward dwells in thee."

STALYBRIDGE AND ITS NEW SET OF BELLS.

HAIL, Stalybridge! with joyful eyes
I view each grand improvement made,
I see, around, new structures rise,
Auspicious to the sons of trade;
Bright wisdom, darting from the skies,
To industry imparts her aid,
While fame, and fortune, and renown,
Smile on this fast improving town.

With pride I see majestic fanes,
Of late, erected, here and there;
Their organs, pews, and coloured paues,
And all things most divinely fair;
But, hark! the bells yon tower sustains
Load, with harmonious notes, the air;
'Tis their first peal; for ne'er, I trow,
Had Stalybridge such charms till now.

'Tis Christmas; let the loudest peals
Commemorate our Saviour's birth;
For us he felt, and still he feels,
Though lifted from the bounds of earth;
Now, while to heaven devotion steals,
Methinks bright angels issue forth
(Such as once sung o'er Bethlehem's plains)
To hear these sweet melodious strains.

Ring, ring away! ye merry set,
And cheer desponding hearts around;
Deign not, with muffled clappers, yet,
To wake one solemn funeral sound,
Nor cause poor widows' hearts to fret;
But when fond couples there are bound,
Then, joyfully, their marriage hail,
And pour the tidings through the vale.

O may these bells befriend not Mars,
Nor celebrate victorious fools;
May Britons lean no more to wars,
But have recourse to milder rules,
And hush contention's rising jars
Without creating sanguine pools
To quench ambition's burning thirst,
Which all mankind should hold accurst.

Let neighbouring towns no longer boast
Of their melodious sounding-bells;
For Stalybridge can rival most
Of those whose fame so widely swells.
Yon clock, too, whatsoe'er it cost,
To passers-by most kindly tells
The time. How solemn, from yon tower,
To hear proclaim'd the midnight hour!

Were some one of this town to rise
Who died but twenty years ago,
How would he gaze, with wild surprise,
At what was never known till now ;
While new-raised mills attract his eyes,
And dwellings many a splendid row,
Would he not cry, with strange amaze,
This ne'er can be my native place!

WHILE Lincoln Tom, whose fame tradition swells,
Stands the Colossus of Britannia's bells,
While those of grand St. Peter and St. Paul
Aloud on public admiration call,
From these I turn, regardless of renown,
To bells erected in a country town.

Hail, Stalybridge! since new delights are thine,
Now longer bow to Ashton-under-Lyne;
For thou canst, now, without presumptuous glee,
Boast of harmonious bells as well as she.
Now list attentive to the joyful sounds,
Such as before ne'er charm'd these humble bounds ;
On wings ærial let them ride abroad
Till heard at Staley and at Mottram-road.
The Hydes, the Hollins, and old Currier-lane,
Now hear, astonish'd, their melodious strain.
Ring on, ye merry set! ring on, ring on ;
Loud as Bow bells, that spoke to Whittington :
The nobler sons of industry are here,
Them let your sweet congratulations cheer.
Wound no soft breast with future mourning peals,
But kindly spare the widowed heart that feels.
Ring not to hail victorious sons of Mars,
But let oblivion veil them and their wars,

Commemorate no sanguine Waterloo,
But, with its victor, hide it from our view.
Let married couples, as the church they leave,
A joyous, loud, and merry peal receive.
Let the bless'd birthday of our Saviour be
'Bove all distinguish'd by your boundless glee.
Resound till angels, once, o'er Bethlehem's plain,
From their celestial seats descend again;
And list to human strains, as earthly beings
Have done to heavenly in remoter scenes.

Now, hear yon clock resounding from its tower,
Like faithful sentry that proclaims the hour;
Fearless of storms behold its faces three,
True to each other, in fraternity.

TOM TIPPLER.

By drink Tom in the mire was thrown,
But not a word he deign'd to utter,
Though oft he sent a dismal groan,
As he lay sprawling in the gutter.

Some swine, that near him sought repose,
Astonish'd look'd at one another,
At length, upon their feet they rose,
And thus, aloud, address'd him—" Brother !

" If thou to act a swinish part
Would'st wish to do thyself the honour,
Mild temperance thou should'st not desert,
But, like us bristled grunTERS, own her !

“ We love sobriety and mud,
Are blameless found where'er we slumber,
Not, drunkard ! till thou turn'st as good
As we, shall thou be of our number.

“ We shun thy vile society,
And bend our course to nobler scenes,
Glad that we're what we seem to be,
And not degraded human beings ! ”

A P R A Y E R ,

March, 1847.

O THOU, most gracious God of Heaven,
Smile on the year of forty-seven,
And cause alternate here below,
Thy rain to fall, thy sun to glow ;
And scatter with a liberal hand,
Content and plenty round the land ;
Now millions find their portion scant,
And crowds untimely die of want !
But thou, great Lord of heaven and earth,
Can'st bring a plenteous harvest forth,
Can'st gladden every human voice,
And make the broken heart rejoice.
O may mankind submissive bend
To thee our Father, God, and Friend !
Implore thy aid in earnest prayer,
Then shall they find it everywhere.

ST. JAMES'S ADDRESS TO THE LANDOWNERS
OF HIS TIME.*

Go to, ye rich tyrants, and bitterly howl,
For mis'ries, like waves, o'er your bosoms shall roll!
Your wealth is corrupted,—moth-eaten your clothes,
Your gold and your silver their canker expose;
Their rust shall as witness against you conspire,
And eat all your flesh like an ocean of fire!

You've heap'd up together, against future days,
Vile treasure, to melt with the world in a blaze!
The hire of labourers that toil in the field,
By fraud you kept back, and refused to yield!
The cries of the reaper deprived of his board,
Have entered the e'er-open ears of the Lord!

In pleasure and guilt you have lived on the earth;
Been wanton with banquets, and riotous mirth!
You've nourish'd your souls as in time of a feast,
Slain just men who injured you not in the least!
Generation of Vipers! with pride though you swell,
Ah! how shall you escape the damnation of hell?

THE BARD'S REQUEST.

YE guardians of our rights, vouchsafe to guard
From keen starvation a neglected bard;
Who like the Son of Man, despised and poor,
Finds, to befriend him, no unfolded door;
If generous souls would patronize his lays,
'Twould serve to lengthen his remaining days;
O may kind fortune with propitious light,
Just shine upon him ere he's plunged in night!

* James, 5th chap.

A SCENE FROM THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

WHILE raging war, with madness uncontroll'd,
Loud peals of thunder o'er the waters roll'd,
From L' Orient, the chief of Britain's foes,
A pitchy smoke with mingled flames arose ;
Anon a dreadful conflagration spread,
While British guns the burning mischief fed.
Along the masts and tarry shrouds, the fire
Shot like the lightning on th' attractive wire ;
This way and that distracted warriors hied,
Then headlong plung'd into the angry tide ;
To floating spars th' ill-fated victims cling.
While showers of balls along the surface ring
And dash to pieces numbers doom'd to sleep
In the dark caves of the devouring deep.
But British tars, who e'er compassion know,
And scorn to triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe,
Draw from the sea, that oft with misery sports,
A crowd of sufferers through the lower-deck ports.
And now the moon, fair empress of the night,
Rose, as if anxious to behold the fight ;
Opposed the mildness of her silver rays
To the tremendous conflagration's blaze ;
Adorn'd the prospect with her smile serene,
And flung a grandeur o'er the solemn scene !
Such scenes as Cynthia ne'er before descry'd,
Since she commenced her empire o'er the tide.

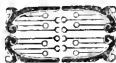
Once more great Nelson on the deck appears,
Whose welcome presence every seaman cheers.
The chief forgot the smarting of his wound
In the misfortune of his foes around :
" Out boats ! " he cried, " all that are whole, and save
The unfortunate wretches from a watery grave."

Brave tars, obedient to their chief's command,
Lower'd out the boats, and in an instant mann'd
They reach'd the sufferers hast'ning to their doom,
And rescued seventy from an early tomb!

High flaming still, th' enormous foe appears,
Whose upper guns are now deserted tiers;
But, urged by vengeance or despair, below
Th' unyielding hosts their latest valour show,
And ply their cannon with unconquer'd ire,
Though hell around them mustered half its fire;
Their chief,* regardless of the dire alarms,
Sat, deeply wounded, on the chest of arms;
But, still commanding, with an urgent call,
Till cut asunder by a cannon-ball.
While near him, groaning, with a deadly wound,
His captain bleeds, and flames enclose them round.
The latter's son, a brave and comely boy,
His parents' pride—their future hope and joy,
Clung to his prostrate father as he bled,
His tears commingling with the gore he shed.
Thus, to an oak cut down the ivy cleaves,
And sheds the silent dew-drops from its leaves.
“O! save thy life,” the fainting captain cried.
“No, father, no,” his faithful son replied;
“Me nought shall sever from my ill-star'd sire,
But both alike shall feel the rage of fire.
Soon, soon, lov'd parent, we'll desist to moan,
And mount, together, to that world unknown.”
Ill-fated chiefs! thus scourged by stern decree,
Not doom'd, alas, with mortal eyes to see
That L' Orient, their noblest boast, erewhile
Must prove their death-bed and their fun'ral pile.

* Admiral Breauges.

The fiery torrent, either deck between,
Now works its progress to the magazine.
Hope fled, despairing at its near approach,
While lordly ruin waved his flaming torch,
Frown'd, and applied it, with infernal glare,
To the strong, nitrous, sable demon there,
Whose power to action instantaneous springs,
And, flashing, bears upon its sulphurous wings
The wounded structure to the flaming sky,
And with it warriors who resolved to die!
The loud explosion deafens all around,
Ten thousand thunders in the roar resound;
Half Egypt echoes the tremendous peals,
And navies tremble on their groaning keels;
The river dragon felt the stream recoil,
And sought the bottom of th' affrighted Nile.
While yet the ruins rode upon the blast,
Upward their eyes astonish'd thousands cast;
Dreading th' impending vengeance of their fall,
That with disasters seem'd to threaten all.
Now plunging round the fiery ruins fell
Like fallen angels to the gulph of hell;
An awful silence through each squadron reigns,
And not a gun disturbs the watery plains.
This scene terrific, though to Britons dear,
Smote e'en the brave with momentary fear;
Such terrors struck th' Almighty's chosen race,
When awful Sinai trembled to its base;
While the loud thunder and the trumpet's sound
Dismay'd e'en Moses and the nation round.



THE FORESTERS' HALL AND ITS DECORATIONS;
AS THEY APPEARED DURING THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS,
1848-49.

ASSIST me sweet Muse, a few moments at least,
My theme is the Foresters' Hall, and their feast,—
A dinner more sumptuous, no host could display,
Than that the bard witnessed on last Christmas day ;
There viands of every description were found,
While sparkling malt liquor went merrily round ;
Much credit to Hallsworth, his wife, and his son,
Th' arrangement of that costly banquet has won ;
Not Belshazzar's feast greater joy could impart,
I loved every scene which I saw from my heart.
The Library first, all our notice should gain,
Whose limits near six hundred volumes contain ;
All grand authors' works, to give talent a scope ;
Then, entering the hall, we've the likeness of Pope ;
The second is Abram, who offers his son,
But heaven check'd his hand, and no violence was done :
The third are " Good Night," and " Good Morning," from
France,
To old England's shore did these pictures advance ;
The fourth is John Wesley, whose name many charms,
The fifth is the Foresters' grand Coat of Arms,
Whose splendour on glass, and on canvas appears,
" Benevolence and Concord " the motto it bears ;
The sixth Squire Astley a-hunting is seen,
The seventh is the Morn after Battle had been ;
The eighth is the Draughts, a good innocent game,
The ninth is Lord Nelson, that hero of fame ;
The tenth, on his war horse Napoleon appears,
Next, a Flemish Hunt, 'tis the work of past years ;

The twelfth is a portrait by Laing—once a sweep,
The thirteenth Wat Tyler, in death doom'd to sleep;
The fourteenth are Men who return from the Chase,
The fifteenth a Poacher is brought to disgrace;
The sixteenth is Christ's Crucifixion displayed,
The seventeenth, the Paintings of Wild are array'd;
See his Staff of Life, like the real we devour:
His next, we observe, is the Appointed Hour—
His Dwelling at Mirfield, where murder took place,
And two Scripture pieces of his do amaze;
What next gave the people a portion of joy,
Are Wild's pleasing pictures, a Girl and a Boy;
The eighteenth, John Taylor's chaste Paintings are seen,
"Happy Days" and "Birdcatchers" with aspects serene;
His Attorney Roberts, and Cobbett, are found,
Which spread Taylor's name all the neighbourhood round;
The nineteenth, Tom Wagstaff, thy Paintings appear,
A Lady of Gallia, most grave and sincere,
Who studies Phrenology,—next, void of breath,
Is Molly Mallony, in the arms of death!
See Hercules next, and the Serpent, in paint,
Next follows in order good Peter the saint;
The next is a Stag, by the famed Thomas Tighe,
Then swift Catherina, by Hopwood, is nigh;
This mare twenty cups in the races has won,
And fame shall long echo the feats she has done!
See next, Oldham's likeness, who played a bassoon,
And many more things I'll describe to you soon;
Selections of Needlework next are in sight,
Then Kenilworth Castle exhibits its height;
The Sportsman, the Marriage, and Zante the Slave,
A Girl, Cat and Kittens, all gratis, we have!
Next, Flowers are numerous, and every one pleases,
Then follow a number of Memory Pieces;
Next, Boxes of Birds, nobly stuffed, are array'd,
White Sparrow, and Birds o'er the ocean conveyed;

Will Newton this business has done very grand ;
An American Wolf, also stuffed, is at hand.
A splendid Balloon now each eye well discerns,
Ascending on high, and descending in turns ;
One more slender Stag we behold, and a Fawn,
And two Female Figures, in niches, are shown,
One represents Peace, the other one Plenty,
Such as heaven, of late, my good people has sent ye ;
A Monument, lastly, that once did advance
From Egypt—but Britain received it from France ;
From famed Thornton Ousey no Paintings were brought,
In vain his own likeness the old Poet sought.
Our catalogue, now, of grand Pictures is done,
The people being seated, their President, Lunn,
For silence thrice knock'd, half as loud as a drum,
Then told us, when needful, what next was to come.
Some good Recitations in order took place,
And songs well deserving a nobler bard's praise ;
" My dearest Maria," and " Poor Mary Blane,"
Friend Bamford resounded, in no vulgar strain ;
Tom Howard, as usual, was found to contrive
To give us his favourite old song, " Ninety Five."
John Bowden to Jones on the stage gave a lift,
The Bard told his tale, and was followed by Swift,
Who gained from the audience loud claps of applause.
Now, to a conclusion my long story draws ;
But let us, before our good song finds an end,
Extol Abel Cartwright, our young comie friend,
For he many Pieces of humour and fun
Recited.—Farewell ! now my labour is done.



B E A R H U N T I N G .

Tune—"STATE BEGGARS."

OF all the mighty hunters,
Who chase the timorous hare,
Far nobler they, of glorious sway,
Who hunt the Russian bear.

The Turks were first insulted,
Through many towns at least ;
Without a cause, they felt the claws
Of that tremendous beast.

CHORUS.

And now through foreign regions
Bear hunting is the go ;
With sword and gun, they make him run
Before his daring foe !

The Sultan call'd his hunters
The monster to attack,
And often they, in fierce affray,
Have nobly driv'n him back.

The French and English joining
Discharged their tubes of war,
Whose terrors spread, and fill'd with dread
That ruthless bear—the Czar.

And now through foreign regions, &c.

Perhaps Hungary and Poland,
Those late degraded lands,
May, while the Turk finds Russia work,
Slip through the tyrant's hands.

Behold the Turkish hunters
Display their silver moon,
And by it swear they'll take the bear
And his dominions soon.
And now through foreign regions, &c.

O may the pest of nations
Ere long appear subdued,
Then shall good times, through Europe's climes,
Reign glorious and renew'd.

Napier, that British hero,
May he do all he can,
Likewise Dundas, who always was
A brave and valiant man !
And now through foreign regions, &c.

P E A C E .

HE who delights in mercy, peace, and love,
At length has sent an angel from above,
To order Mars, and his destructive sons,
To ply no more their sabres and their guns :
Heaven's just command the willing hosts obey,
And peace comes smiling like a summer's day,

Waving exultant round her olive wand,
While boundless joy re-echos through the land.
Hark ! yon loud bells whose merry peals resound,
While social crowds convivial boards surround.
Through numerous towns illuminations glare,
While cannons roar and banners float in air.
See, works of fire in gloomy hours display'd,
And rockets soar, in blazing pomp array'd ;
But, ah ! can celebrations snatch from death
Hosts, who untimely have resign'd their breath ?
Swept down like reeds when mighty torrents roll,
At Alma, Inkermann, Sebastopol !
While crowds, alas ! for whom the living sigh,
In one large grave without distinction lie ;
Thus, allied hosts, urged by their chiefs' command,
Are doom'd to perish in a foreign land,
While relatives upon their native shore
Lament for those they must behold no more.
But thank kind Heaven, hostilities are past,
And peace substantial has arrived at last.
Now the combined powers the seat of war resign,
Embark, and hasten o'er the roaring brine ;
Friends welcome friends' return, with homely cheers,
"Glad for the living, for the dead in tears."
Now, all forgetful of war's late alarms,
Relations fly into relations' arms,
Parents or wives, long-parted, now rejoin,
And drown their sorrows in reviving wine !
Hail sacred peace, celestial goddess, hail !
Bright harbinger of plenty, now prevail
O'er nations late disgraced with horrid war,
Now breathe thy glorious blessings near and far :
Let spears and swords, o'er which the wounded mourn,
To implements of agriculture turn :
Let peace her influence round the nations fling,
Till drooping commerce spreads a nobler wing.

O may no future unrelenting Czar
 With mad aggression plunge the world in war;
 Nor aim ambitious at another's throne,
 But calmly rest, contented with his own.

AN ACROSTIC.

A FRIEND, dear Ashworth, have I found in thee,
 Sincere and kind, from affectation free;
 Heaven smile propitious on thy future span,
 While thou maintain'st the dignity of man!
 O may no crosses in the sphere of trade
 Retard thy progress, or thy peace invade;
 These noblest blessings long attend thee here—
 Health, comfort, virtue, and a partner dear!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Now smiling autumn crowns the fertile plains,
 And Cambrian poets, in resounding strains,
 Salute the day that gave supreme delight
 And good Miss Pennant to a world of light.
 All hail! blest virgin—ever kind and fair,
 Thus far, protected by maternal care,
 Hast thou surmounted every raging storm
 That dared to beat upon thy tender form:

Now dost thou flourish like a spreading tree,
While timely shelter is supplied by thee
To other feeble, aid-requiring plants,*
'Tis thine to cherish and relieve their wants.

Thy noble parent, most accomplished maid,
Views her own image in thy mind portray'd;
While thy good father, from the realms above,
Surveys thy actions with paternal love!
May'st thou, while time's unerring wheels are roll'd,
Of birth-days, scores, with added joy behold.
And O, may she who gave Miss Pennant birth
Long prove a blessing to her native earth;
And, when at last she mounts to worlds on high,
Not long the wretched may be doom'd to sigh,
But find, dear maiden, with exulting glee,
A Lady Emma still survive in thee!

A N E P I T A P H .

GULIELMUS! tender plant, upturn by time
To be transplanted in a nobler clime;
A wiser son no parent could have known,
Yet not too wise to go where thou art gone!
Those whom the powers immortal most revere,
Are early snatch'd from this terrestrial sphere:
So thou, dear youth, thus soon wert call'd on high,
To 'scape, perchance, from many a future sigh!
Fond was thy soul of harmony divine,
And now a bright harmonious world is thine.
We weep thy loss, which if thou canst discern,
Thou pity'st those who thy departure mourn!

* Alluding to the young scholars of Limebank Sunday School, now under the patronage of Miss Pennant.

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF SEVERAL
MEMBERS OF THE PENNANT FAMILY, OF
DOWNING HALL.

“A man he was to all the country dear.”

Goldsmith.

ALTHOUGH we're conscious that the virtuous soar
To heaven, when breathing in this world no more ;
And, that the faithful, who in Christ expire,
No lamentation o'er their dust require !
Yet—here, remembrance bids affection mourn
O'er a most generous benefactor's urn !
'Tis Cambria's loss—not Pennant's glorious doom,
That flings around this melancholy gloom !

O ever bounteous ! ever great and good !
Of honour equal to his noble blood :
Whose sire, the brightest of the sons of men
Left realms indebted to his classic pen !

But, thou ! the subject of my mournful verse,
Consign'd maturely to the solemn hearse ;
Though late enfeebled by the hand of time
I've seen thee blooming in thy manly prime :
Like Peleus' son, adorn'd with every grace—
Not less in stately figure than in face.
When last Britannia an invasion fear'd,
And bright in arms her dauntless hosts appear'd :
I then beheld thee like a warrior dress'd—
The gorget glitt'ring on thy ardent breast ;

While sword, and helmet, and thine epaulets bright
 Caught ten-fold lustre from the source of light!
 And cast quick flashes as thou movd'st along,
 To pour instruction o'er thy martial throng,
 Who march'd, obedient to thy mild command,
 Or wheel'd in graceful columns o'er the strand!
 Since then, swift time has numbered forty years,
 And doom'd our PENNANT, midst surrounding tears,
 To close his eyelid in eternal sleep.
 While his sad widow, and her kindred, weep!
 With equal sorrow mourn that noble pair—
 The Lady Emma, and her daughter fair!
 Yea! pensive thousands feel the blow severe,
 And pour their grief o'er Pennant's sacred bier!
 While Cambria's bards, all mirthful strains forego,
 And tune their harps to elegies of woe.
 Ere cruel death shall pierce a nobler heart—
 His crown, his sceptre, and relentless dart
 Shall victory snatch, and crush beneath her feet,
 And chase that tyrant to his last retreat;
 Then shall all earth with this loud triumph ring—
 Where! where! grim monster is thy boasted sting!

Now doom'd to rest in Whitford's hallow'd fane
 Art thou! kind patron of my early strain!
 That bounteous hand which stretched to give relief—
 That heart that melted at another's grief!
 That gentle tongue which admonitions gave—
 All! now are mould'ring in the silent grave.

Farewell! dear friend of ev'ry lib'ral art,
 Alike, thy mortal and immortal part
 We're found enripen'd, when the blow was given—
 One for the peaceful tomb, and one for heaven.

For, lo! those scenes eternal and divine,
Through him thou serv'd'st, lov'd, and rever'd, are thine.
Go! greet thy son on that celestial shore
Not parted long!—and now to part no more!

SCARCE had exhausted sorrows ceased to flow
For Pennant, rescued from a world of woe:
And scarce the tomb where no disquiet reigns
Had clos'd reluctant on his cold remains,
When death, that scorner of all human laws
Caus'd the re-opening of its "marble jaws!"
And sent Louisa, on the mournful bier
To sleep for ever by her husband dear!
'Tis done!—The fates severely kind, restore
Whom they divided but a while before;
Thus, reunited in the grave they rest!
Meanwhile their spirits are divinely blest
In that celestial world above the skies,
Where now their son with sacred rapture flies
To meet his mother, with a fond embrace,
And hail her welcome to that glorious place,
Where woes, diseases, and terrestrial noise
Are substituted for eternal joys!

Farewell! my early patroness below,
How shall I pay thee all the debt I owe?
Not heartfelt sorrow, nor corroding sighs,
Nor pillows moisten'd by relenting eyes,
Could half requite the kindness of thy breast!
Then take this tribute, and forgive the rest!

Dear benefactress of the neighbouring poor,
Shall suppliant's bless thy lib'ral hand no more,
Shall numerous orphans, and lone widows mourn,
All Good, departed to thy silent urn?
Shall future worth and learning be despised,
And genius weep henceforth unpatronised?

No!—other Pennants yet remain behind,
Friends of each science, and of human kind!
Hail! blest survivors! noble, good, and fair!
Lorn merit verging on the gulph despair,
Shall still, to Downing, cast a longing view,
While Hope receives a brighter ray from you!

ALREADY, three good PENNANTS have I mourn'd,
The sire, the mother, and the pious son;
And now the fourth untimely is inurned,
O death, how rapid has thy work been done!

Lamented EMMA; noble, kind, and fair,
Must I, dear lady, weep thy fate so soon?
Alas! I grieve, and linger in despair,
To see thy radiant sun descend at noon.

Here affectation acts no borrowed part,
The bard no labour'd panegyric tries,
His wailings flow spontaneous from his heart,
And pour their fullness from his streaming eyes.

How oft, when clouds of poverty o'erspread,
Hast thou, bright star, illumed my wayward course ;
Yes, benefactress ; by thy succour led,
My bark has 'scaped loud storms and billows hoarse.

And must thou, glorious luminary, set,
And no sad muse thy early fate deplore ?
Should I thy kind benevolence forget,
Ah, no ! not till this fleeting life is o'er !

Oh ! how the poor, through Whitford's winding bounds,
Yea, far as old Treffynnon loudly weep !
While Cambria's harps, their melancholy sounds
For EMMA, fling in "lamentations deep."

She was the pride of the surrounding land,
And none, save her fair offspring left behind,
Can equal praises to her own command,
O ever virtuous, and for ever kind.

For her religion leaning o'er her cross,
Drops the sad tear upon the sacred page ;
While liberal arts lament their early loss,
Yea, infants wail, and parents grey with age.

Her generous heart and firm enlightened mind
Poor souls from misery, and from darkness drew ;
She seemed an angel sent to soothe mankind,
And scatter blessings like the morning dew.

Methinks I see one of the heavenly band
Approach her bed as she expiring lay,
Who gently takes her by the trembling hand,
And whispers thus, "Come sister, come away."

For sore afflictions have assailed thee here,
'Tis not thy home,—a better shalt thou find,
Where not one trouble or a pang severe,
Can e'er molest the disembodied mind.

This said, her soul exulting soared above,
And soon a bright celestial view commands :
Borne on the pinions of redeeming love
To an eternal house not made with hands.

There, now she rests, exempt from every care,
And shares the sweets of that delightful shore ;
Not needing scarce one new perfection there,
Since every virtue she possess'd before.

LINES IN REMEMBRANCE OF MISS HINDLEY.

Alas ! wherefore is my benefactor seen
In sable weeds, with a dejected mien ?
Has death, who hurls us from terrestrial day,
Snatched some one of his dear friends away ?
Yes ! a lov'd daughter, in her vernal bloom,
Is borne, alas ! to the relentless tomb !
Thus, when a flower uprears its lovely head,
And morning dews upon its leaves are shed,
Keen blasts untimely from the north resound,
And strew its blooming honours on the ground !
Thus prematurely, were decreed to fade
Th' expanding beauties of this comely maid,

Who when with smiles she had resigned her breath,
Bright angels met her in the vale of death ;
And cried, while parents mourn'd her early fate,
" Come sister, enter the celestial gate ;
Assume thy seat, for 'tis th' eternal will
That thou should'st 'scape from every future ill :
Thou art already of a heavenly mind,
Take what for thee th' Omnipotent designed ;
Such as none meet with in a world of strife,
A crown of glory and eternal life."

So spoke the angels, and Susanna's shade
Was like them—perfect, in a moment made ;
Meanwhile her friends, and relatives on earth,
Due honours pay to her departed worth ;
Her cold remains, while solemn words resound,
Are now consigned to consecrated ground ;
There doomed to rest, till the archangel's peal,
Shall burst the tombs, and new existence yield ;
Then, generous Hindley shall behold once more,
His lovely girl more glorious than before.

LINES ADDRESSED TO LORD VISCOUNT
FIELDING,

On his Marriage to Miss Pennant, Heiress of Downing Estate.

A BARD on whom good PENNANT deign'd to smile,
While yet he breathed on this terrestrial pile,
Pours forth, my lord, this unaffected lay,
Congratulatory of your nuptial day ;

And while the poets of my native land,
Greet you in verse, not all can understand,
I here, loved patron of that tuneful train,
Congratulate you in an English strain !
Now joy triumphant glads the country round,
From Downing Hall, to Winfred's glorious bound ;
Hark! the loud bells from Whitford's sacred tower,
With merry peals announce the joyful hour
Wherein, good FIELDING and Miss PENNANT join
Their hands, obedient unto laws divine ;
Chaste Hymen, never in his fane descry'd
A nobler bridegroom, or a fairer bride ;
Here learning, virtue, and benevolence shine,
While rank and beauty all their charms combine ;
Hail! happy pair! of intellectual worth,
The pride and glory of my native earth.

Now June all lovely to the sight displays,
A perfect emblem of your youthful days ;
And may those days unfading long remain,
While in your breasts—love, peace, and concord reign ;
May you exist to see your children rear
Their blooming offspring with delight and care ;
May you, my lord, like great Mæcenas prove,
And patronize the liberal arts you love ;
Befriend the minstrels of the Cambrian shore,
And be what classic PENNANT was before.
Fair lady Emma, of benevolent mind,
Has long encouraged the harmonious kind ;
And while bright angels her good deeds record,
May rays divine on DENBIGH's future lord
Pour down, that he upon the world may shine,
A star new risen, from a noble line.

IN MEMORY OF J. L.

Al! who should glory in his manly prime,
Or think he's safe within the bounds of time;
Since LANG—the young, the portly, and the strong,
Adorned with all perfections that belong
To human nature, on a sudden died;
As when an oak in all its vernal pride
Appears upturn by a resistless blast,
Its faded honours on the ground are cast;
Thus LANG decayed, whose manly strength erewhile
Was equal to the most laborious toil;
But inflammations and a fever join'd,
Assail'd and preyed upon his form and mind;
Till death approached him and a javelin hurl'd,
That wing'd his spirit to th' eternal world!
Ah! see his mother and an elder son,
While streams of sorrow from their fountains run,
From Gomersal, with a foreboding sigh,
To Oldham hasten, to behold him die!
Th' affected dame, as he resign'd his breath,
Sigh'd, droopt, and fainted;—but the tyrant death
Her offspring still, with unrelenting aim,
Resolved, in spite of human power, to claim!
Heart-rending sight, to see him thus depart,
In health he toiled at the mechanic art!
Nine days before was free from every pain,
And blithe as lambs that sport upon the plain.
In him the world has lost an honest man,
Ingenious, liberal, kind to every one;
He ne'er withheld his mite from the distrest,
Nor could death's ice congeal a warmer breast!

He died, alas! far from his native place,
But who is she with anguish in her face,
Fair, handsome, virtuous, and of tender years?
Ah! wherefore are those blooming cheeks in tears,
Like roses wet with dew? now turning pale,
Some secret pangs her inward breast assail!
'Tis lovely Fanny, his intended bride,
For both, in thought, the happy morn descri'd
When hymen's altar should unite their hands,
And give that joy the wedded state commands;
How chang'd the scene! his marriage-bed—the tomb!
And she, in place of smiling in her bloom,
With snow-white raiment, like the Queen of May,
Is doomed to mourn his fate in black array!
Thus fled, alas! the nuptial scene at once,
Instead of music and the sprightly dance,
Far sadder notes desponding bosoms swell,
The wail of kindred, and the funeral knell!

At length from Oldham, o'er the silent plains,
The hearse moved onward with his cold remains;
As if afflicted, trembled every plume,
And flung around a melancholy gloom,
The mournful load, when many hours had past,
At Gomersal made its approach at last;
On its arrival tears began to flow,
Till all the village wore one face of woe;
For Lang was known, beloved, revered by all,
And at his early fate their sorrows fall.
When hands had every preparation made,
A train advanced in sable weeds array'd;
Black scarfs low tied with ribbon white, they bore,
And white the gloves this sacred order wore;
The dark procession, and the village throng,
The hearse accompanied as it moved along,

Each parent next unto the corpse appears
With heavy heart, and eyes dissolved in tears;
Yea, all akin to the deceased were there,
And she, his lover, that lamenting fair.
Now slow and solemn tolled the funeral bell,
While at each stroke descending sorrows fell;
To Birstal Church the sad procession went,
Where bearers strong their ready succour lent;
The coffin's borne into the sacred fane,
Where the good Vicar, in a solemn strain,
Read parts of scripture; next the pious Heald
Soul moving truths unto the crowd revealed;
He showed th' uncertain state of human life,
And while the aged in the mortal strife
Are daily hastened to the yawning tomb,
That e'en the youthful, in their vernal bloom,
Are not exempted from the shafts of fate,
But push'd untimely through th' eternal gate;
His exhortation deep impression made,
'Twas from the heart to willing hearts convey'd.

Now from the floor the sable bier is rais'd,
Borne to the grave, and on its margin placed,
The priest resumed his most affecting theme,
And gave to earth all that the earth can claim.
Now one more look the sad relations gave,
Yea, one more look into the silent grave,
With this last view they feast their streaming sights,
While "dust to dust" concludes the solemn rites;
From death's domain now all the crowd withdrew,
While warm affection sighed, dear James, adieu!



ON MY NEPHEW.

DEAR William! the poplar that grows
A fair and a promising tree,
Not more of longevity shows
Than late we have witnessed in thee!

But ah! the frail boast of an hour
Are human perfections displayed;
For thou wert cut down like a flower,
And to thy last refuge convey'd!

And oh! what lamenting was there,
Such sorrows deign'd only to flow,
When Hope sadly lean'd to Despair
At Laz'rus's grave, long ago!

Tall, handsome, and straight of each limb,
Was William, that graceful young man;
His relatives doated on him—
John, Mary, kind Esther and Ann.

He lov'd them with brotherly love,
And kept them with jokes all alive :
When summoned his spirit above,
None thought the poor girls would survive!

He, too, was the pride and the stay
Of parents advancing in years,
That prop being, alas! struck away,
Scarce left them aught else but their tears!

Farewell, dearest William, farewell!
Thou yet wilt arise in thy bloom,
When the peal of the trumpet shall swell,
And burst the strong bars of the tomb!

AN ELEGY.

WHEN dire contagion's pestilential breath
Swept crowds untimely through the gates of death,
Fell, 'midst the number, in a fatal hour,
The Reverend, good, and generous Michael Power.
In him the pious Christian shone complete,
But, all his merits at the Saviour's feet
Were by him with humiliation thrown;
And thus he trusted unto Christ alone,
Compared with whom earth's pomp appeared but dross,
'Twas his to cleave to the Redeemer's cross,
By which the world (for righteous souls unfit)
Was crucified to him, and he to it!
Thus stood his faith on the eternal rock,
While Dukinfield beheld his thriving flock;
For there, a brief but useful course he past,
'Twas his first glorious mission, and his last.
Who has not seen him in his various rounds,
Soothing the anguish of affliction's wounds,
Imparting all the aid he could afford,
And, like a true disciple of our Lord,
Giving his under garment, coat, or vest,
To some poor Christian whom he found distress'd!

And thus, half naked, to his home he'd go,
But not ambitious that the world should know,
Because he sought not the applause of men,
Content, if witness'd by his Maker then.
He was not of the world, though found therein,
To snatch transgressors from the paths of sin,
To preach salvation to a fallen race,
And lead them onward to a better place.
While fragrant fumes around the altar spread,
He shewed how Jesus suffered in our stead ;
And then, with aspect solemn and serene,
He stood, the people and their God between,
That all who saw him might with truth declare
How much an angel he resembled there.
But oh ! he's gone ! that good and generous heart,
That ever deigned instruction to impart,
Those hands that stretched to lengthen others' breath,
Are now inactive in the arms of death !
That tongue, from whence persuasive accents flowed,
Is heard now only in the blest abode ;
There, in conjunction with the host above,
Resound the anthems of redeeming love.
Thus, while his flock bewailed him here below,
He views and pities their excess of woe,
Could wish to lift them on redemption's wings,
To scenes eternal, from terrestrial things !

Then in St. Mary's consecrated ground,
Beloved Pastor, thy remains are found :
There, numerous priests, who long revered his worth,
With grief consigned him to the sacred earth ;
Thus, in life's summer, like a wither'd flower,
Untimely faded the lamented Power,
Who, like the great apostles of our lord,
Bequeathed of treasure no refulgent hoard,

Wealth he no more regarded than St. Paul,
To poor deserving beings gave it all ;
By pious brethren's contributive aid
His sacred relics in the grave were laid ;
Meanwhile, like Lazarus, to th' ethereal sky
Bright angels bore his righteous soul on high,
And thus exclaimed to terror's gloomy king,
" Where now, grim monster, is thy boasted sting ? "

IN MEMORY OF G. B. R.

At length grim Death, who threatened long to send
To his dominions my respected friend,
Has hurled his dart, and youthful Roberts died,—
While streams of mercy flow on every side ;
And now, to snatch his memory from the gloom
Of dark oblivion, and the silent tomb,
His kind relations have these lines ordained,
Whilst he a bright celestial crown has gain'd.
Most amiable was he in all his ways,
But sore afflicted more than half his days ;
Long have his kindred and companions grieved
That one so good no better health received.
How oft, in vain, he strove his work to stand,
And murmured not beneath Affliction's hand !
His pleasing manners numerous friends had won—
The whole he valued—and offended none ;
Humility and patience he possess'd,
And true benevolence inspired his breast ;
He'd ne'er associate with the giddy few,
But aged persons most his fancy drew.

A strong abhorrence would his looks declare
To all who wrangled, or presumed to swear ;
Bright were his virtues, and his soul sincere—
He seem'd not form'd for this terrestrial sphere.
A loving brother, and a duteous son,
'Twas his, through life, a blameless course to run.
But now he's gone to that eternal shore
Where sickness, pain, and death are felt no more :
On his Redeemer's merits he relied,
And strong in faith and heavenly hope he died !

Now the plumed hearse, and sable mourning coach,
And Foresters in green, made their approach :
Slowly and sadly moved the funeral train
That reached from end to end of Acre Lane.
The solemn music thrill'd through every breast,
And thus they bore him to his place of rest.
At Mottram Church the dark procession stayed,
And in its ground him they lamented laid
With his good Father—in one grave—he sleeps,
While o'er his ashes warm Affection weeps !



A TRIBUTE
TO THE MEMORY OF SOLOMON CARTWRIGHT,
SCHOOLMASTER, STALYBRIDGE.

CARTWRIGHT, whose virtues nobler lays demand,
Had suffer'd long beneath affliction's hand;
His limbs contracting rheumatism bound,
Which to remove no human skill was found;
But God, at last, to terminate his pain,
Call'd him to where no dire diseases reign.
How oft I've seen him to his school repair
On crutches doom'd his bending frame to bear;
There would he sit instructing youthful minds,
With winning words and books of various kinds;
To read, to write, to cipher, and so forth,
He taught his pupils and display'd his worth;
At his rebuke youths trembled, every limb,
Yet all a guide and father found in him;
Thus, for a length of time, he deigned to rule,
And Set-street gloried in so good a school
But ah! more feeble grew his limbs and mind,
Till he, at last, his ample school resign'd,
Remained at home, and bade a long adieu
To what, alas! he could no more pursue;
With patience he would on his couch recline,
Oft pond'ring on things human and divine.
His limbs, in vain, he struggled to extend,
But the mild conversation of a friend
Would give him ease; for, numerous friends had he,
Especially those of that fraternity*

* The Ancient Order of Foresters, of which he was a member.

Whose kind benev'lence flows like seas around,
Which the deceased, by long experience, found.
God he revered, and his eternal Son,
Who much for his immortal part had done
Years pass'd away, and he no better still,
But rather faster glided down the hill ;
His wife, a bright example to her sex,
No toil could weary and no labour vex ;
Prov'd, day and night, a persevering friend,
And would with pleasure on her spouse attend ;
Ignite his pipe, or bring him books to read,
And give refreshment when he stood in need ;
She'd help him up into his room, at night,
And bring him down, next morning, with delight ;
Dress'd and undress'd him with her friendly hands,
And willingly obey'd his just commands.
If he had patience, she had patience, too,
None know which had most patience of the two.
But, ah ! he's gone, though anxious still to live,
Nor wished that death the fatal blow would give.
Thus, love of life peculiar is to all,
We'd rather cling to this terrestrial ball,
Whose ways we know, far as they meet our view,
Than hasten to a world we never knew.
Cartwright, farewell ! in thee a friend sincere,
A tender husband, and a parent dear,
Were found ; O favoured by the sacred nine,
What bright—what noble qualities were thine !
Vice thou detested, in this vale below,
And proud oppressors found in thee a foe.
Freedom thou loved, now go where freedom reigns,
Far from diseases and rheumatic pains ;
But take, while listening to celestial tones,
This humble tribute from the lyre of Jones.

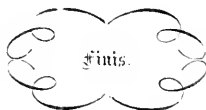
A TRIBUTE
IN MEMORY OF JOHN KENNEDY, ESQ.
LATE OF ARDWICK HOUSE.

WHAT funeral's that whose solemn course appears
Through Ardwick, moving 'midst surrounding tears?
'Tis Kennedy, of philanthropic mind,
Borne to the final home of human kind.
Four score and six compos'd his vital span,
A term though long, too short for such a man.
He, in benevolence, was truly great,
And on deserving want ne'er closed his gate.
Fidelity he join'd with friendship's flame,
And mix't with worthies of distinguished name,
E'en Dalton, Henry, Fairbairn, and Buchan,
Were the associates of this generous man.
Behold his virtues and his talents bright!
'Twould seem that angels from the plains of light
Made Ardwick House a Paradise below,
Exempt from discord, and exempt from woe.

Let not the sons of pride with scornful sneer,
The early history of my patron hear;
How he (for manual labour is no crime)
Spent a great portion of his youth and prime
In the construction of machines that drew
The admiration of the ingenious few!
He, next, became an owner of a mill,
His mind expanding, and inventive still.
The roving frame felt his correcting hand,
While his loud praise resounded through the land;
Thus, he proceeded with mechanic lore,
Improving what imperfect was before.

Then, should a man so knowing and upright
Not live in fame eternal as the light ?
In literature he bore a leading part,
And institutions proved his generous heart.

Now, fare thee well, my dear departed friend,
But for thy help my days had found an end ;
Adversity had long become my foe,
I wandered round not knowing where to go,
For none regarded my lamenting lyre,
Nor kindly fanned my intellectual fire ;
Till thou, at length, stretch'd a relieving hand,
And bade my muse her drooping wings expand ;
Displayed my verses in a printed form,
And deign'd to shield me from the winter's storm.
For thirty years I call'd at where thou dwelt,
And marks of kindness every time have felt ;
Now of thy goodness I remain bereft,
For now thy dear immortal part has left
Familiar Ardwick Hall,—join'd the celestial bands
In that eternal " House not made with hands !"









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